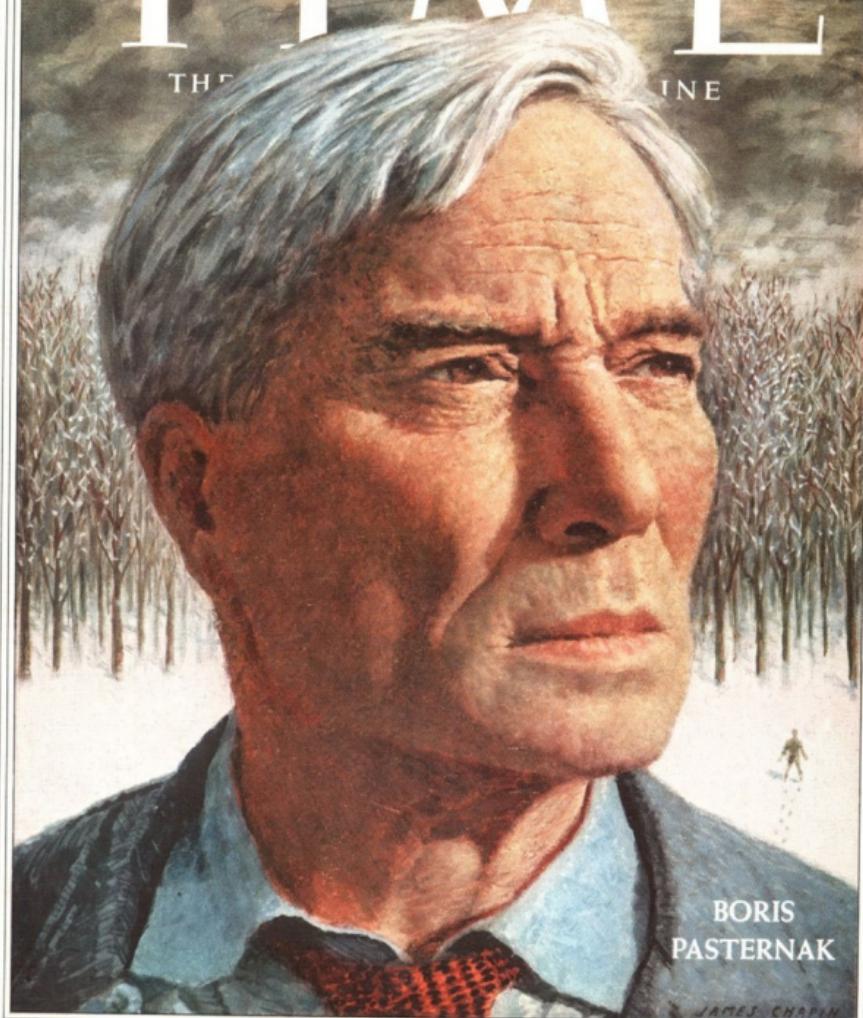


TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

DECEMBER 15, 1958

TIME

THE
MAGAZINE



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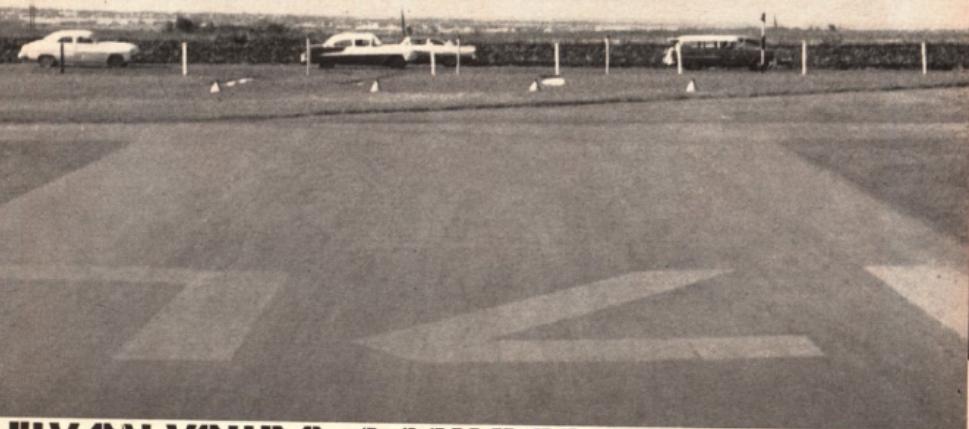
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Land-O-Matic takes over as soon as you touch down.

A happy landing...safe, smooth, and straight!



LETTERS

Work: Its Rights & Wrongs

Sir:

Re your Nov. 24 comments on the right-to-work laws: every man's right to work and earn his living in the country in which he has residence is a fundamental liberty. It is a right as fundamental as trial by jury or freedom of religion. Today there is no conflict between management and labor. Management has simply thrown in the sponge and adopted the motto: "If you can't beat them, join them." The closed shop smacks of ostracism if not outright violence. No skilled artisan wishes to become a mere tool, the slave of the type of ex-con who has lately wormed himself into labor leadership.

(MRS.) FRANCES O. BRIGGS
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

As a housewife and mother, I find myself still part of an open shop, but I shudder to think that any job I might get could be had only by paying tribute to some power-mad labor leader. Looking at my children, I feel that we must make the right-to-work laws justify the trouble, or we sleeping (almost) free Americans may wake up to find ourselves regretful prisoners of the "liberal."

Believe it or not, in 1947 it was F.D.R., who said "The Government of the United States will not order nor will Congress pass legislation ordering a closed shop . . . That would be too much like the Hitler method toward labor."

SIBYL O. SAUNDERS
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Penguins & Places

Sir:

In TIME, Nov. 24, I read a letter concerning the transplantation of penguins from the Antarctic to the Arctic. Quite recently this airline enforced the immigration of two penguins from the South to the North Pole.

It all began in Rome, on a broadcasting station's quiz show, where one of the questions was: "Can penguins live at the North Pole?" KLM had just inaugurated its polar service from Amsterdam to Tokyo, so we took two penguins to the Arctic to find out. It was not easy to arrange their accommodations.

In Anchorage the Alaskan press club organized a great reception. The penguins were renamed Egegik (an Alaskan name) and Angela (Italian) Kinglesa (meaning very good friend). They consumed their first meal in the Far North, consisting of hooligans (local fish) and salmon.

At all events they are quite happy in



EGEGIK & ANGELA

their new home, for as soon as they got into the snow their grey feathers at once took on a glossy black sheen again.

R. J. VOGELS

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
The Hague

Sir:

For the time being, Mr. and Mrs. Egegik Penguin are residing at the Arctic Research Test Center in Anchorage in preparation for their life in the Arctic. These penguins are the first to come to the 49th state in more than 100 years.

HELEN A. SHENITZ

Historical Library and Museum
Juneau, Alaska

Man of the Year

Sir:

Obviously, Boris Pasternak.

HARM J. DE BLIJ

Durban, South Africa

Sir:

Mao Tse-tung. This year he told Khrushchev what to do.

BERT D. SOLOMON

Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

If Nikita Khrushchev was TIME'S 1957 choice for Man of the Year, then he doubtless deserves your selection for 1958. No other man dominated the world's news more, albeit to the disgust of free men and nations, than this sly, scheming, abusive, arrogant, war-mongering, vodka-guzzling Soviet Premier. His crowning achievement, in a year of diabolical propaganda missiles and poison-pen

missives, is his current step to fold up the four-power occupation of Berlin, thus defying Western determination to hold on in West Berlin. What other choice is more timely?

B. K. FRANK

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Let us honor a truly great man: Herbert Hoover.

LOIS S. SHINKWIN

San Diego, Calif.

Sir:

If France is of any consequence in the scheme of world affairs, De Gaulle is the representative force of the year. However significant or negligible his accomplishments to come, he has assembled France.

LEE J. KINGSMILL

Seattle

Sir:

Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover, U.S.N.
B. MATHIEU ROOS

New York City

Sir:

Animal of the Year: The Vicuña—for its significant role of informer on the Republican Administration.

JOHN D. COWANS

Montreal

Sir:

Pakistan's General Mohammed Ayub Khan. No leader of the pro-Western Asiatic nations has a mass following equal to that of our President.

MOHDADIZ HAJI DOSSA

Karachi

The Older Rapsallion

Sir:

Enjoyed your fine cinema review of *The Horse's Mouth*, but found it interesting where you state Alec Guinness "never quite manages to convince anybody that the old rapsallion [Gulley Jimson] is really a genius . . . He is a highly intelligent actor, but he simply lacks the demonic force to fill out a personality as large as Jimson's [Nov. 24]." I can't help thinking back a few years to when my late, demon-forced, husband, Robert (*Odd Man Out*) Newton, wanted to play Joyce Cary's hero. He was constantly being told he should and was trying to raise the backing. I just couldn't help wondering which way the review would have turned had Newton raised the money first.

VERA NEWTON

Los Angeles

Christian Discussion

Sir:

Four consecutive weeks of Catholic propaganda in your magazine is enough. We've had it! We Protestants pay our subscription just like the others. Your masthead nowhere states that you publish a Roman Catholic magazine. Good thing this isn't 1960; Candidate Kennedy wouldn't have a fighting chance with all this provocative Roman fuss.

(THE REV.) JOHN F. STRENG
St. James Evangelical Lutheran Church
Wheeling, W.Va.

Sir:

I stand in shame of fellow Protestants who have used your columns to display their gross stupidity. Pope Pius was truly one of the great men of our time and was devoted, as few others, to peace and brotherhood.

ALFRED RANDALL JR.

Painted Post, N.Y.

Sir:

To say that your magazine is "top-heavy with Catholic news" at the time of a papal

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“Easiest role I ever played on the road:
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“I’m only five feet, two inches tall,” admits actress Helen Hayes. “Most big cars overpower me. But not my new Lincoln. It seems so gentle and easy, I could almost drive it through a display of crystal and not break a single glass.”

The 1959 Lincoln offers all the power and comfort you expect in a big car. Yet it handles like a fine sports car. Just a touch, and the Lincoln responds to your slightest whim. The new small steering wheel is easy to turn and easy to see over. Nothing gets between you and perfect visibility.



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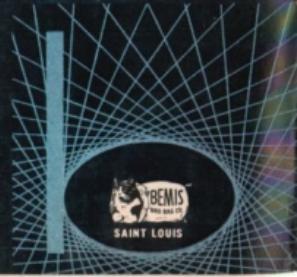


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choice is like complaining that it is top-heavy with political news at election time.

SALLY PALMER

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

Some letters in your columns have accused you of being heavily pro-Catholic; I have found you on occasion to be just the opposite. In all, though, I think you have been quite safely neutral.

M. W. STODDART

New York City

The Greek Words for It

Sir:

Your Nov. 24 article on Cyprus includes some highly unfortunate words. If the British get tougher in Cyprus, the NKVD is surely going to develop an inferiority complex. Do not forget that when the Greeks had the highest civilization on earth, the British still lived up in trees.

BASIL G. TARLADZIS

Athens, Greece

Sir:

Thanks for the fine story with its comments by Britain's General Darling. Go to a foreign land, occupy it, "get to grips with the bastards" and issue pistols to anyone who can kill a Greek—what a perfect picture of British "culture" at work.

VLADIMIR POPOVICH

Santa Monica, Calif.

Watch Out, Monty

Sir:

Some Italians may be satisfied with the apology they got from Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein [Nov. 24], but unless he does a better job of apologizing, he had better hide. If he doesn't, I or some other Italian will have the pleasure of showing him how brave we can really be.

BRUNO ARDUINI

Oakland, Calif.

Roasted Rib

Sir:

Having been associated with real intellectuals in the field of theology and secular interests for the past several years, I find it amazing that Author Robert Graves can draw such nonsense from his observations of the *Genesis* story. It is further amazing that anyone would buy such rot as his latest book, *Adam's Rib* [Nov. 17]—at that price too! [\$6]. Ouch!

(THE REV.) WILLIAM R. COSE

Evangelical Free Church
Hamilton City, Calif.

Sir:

*Though scholars may gravely conceive
The "real" truth of Adam and Eve,
Solutions they proffer
At six bucks an offer
Are rather more hard to believe.*

MRS. DON J. HANSON

Wheaton, Ill.

It Makes You Think

Sir:

Re your Nov. 24 comment on IBM's common stock: If an owner of IBM common had 100 shares December 1933, how many shares would he now have with splits and stock dividends?

HARRISON B. SMITH

Cincinnati

¶ One hundred shares of IBM, worth \$8,900 in 1933, now amount to 1,713 shares with a value of \$756,711.—ED.

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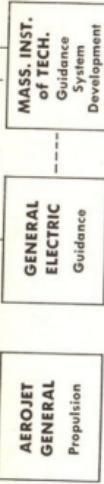
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POLARIS MISSILE DESIGN & DEVELOPMENT TEAM

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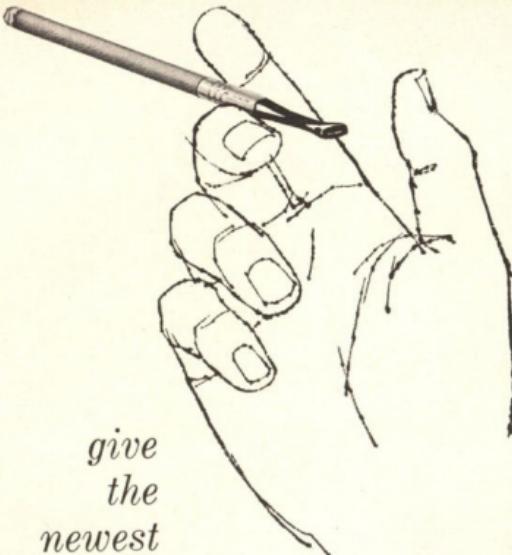


Also working under the direction of the Special Projects Office, U.S. Navy, on various phases of the POLARIS weapon system are: U. S. NAVY BUREAU OF SHIPS, SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO., WESTINGHOUSE, and over 200 sub-contractors—a team composed of America's foremost scientific talent with vast technological resources, working together on one of the Navy's top-priority defense projects.

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STEPHANO BROTHERS
(Cigar Division) Philadelphia 7, Pa.

MISCELLANY

Maiden Voyage. Off Formosa, a supply officer on the U.S.S. *Midway* circulated a memo asking the person who had sent a brassiere to the ship's laundry to claim it.

Freewheeling. In London, Frederick Wilson went to a police station to report the theft of his bicycle, then stole a bobbin's bicycle and rode home.

Validated. In Seattle, when Judge Vernon Gould asked a defendant if his driver's license was valid, the man said: "No, sir. It's up to date."

Diet Supplement. In Brisbane, Australia, Constance Toerkel won a divorce after testifying that her husband had eaten all the meals she set before him with a gun across his lap.

A Creature Was Stirring. In London, former Department Store Santa Claus T. T. Fisher-Brent complained in a letter to the *Star* that after one "youngster croaked in my ear his recital of wants, he soon slipped away with a big smile on his face and my wallet in his pocket."

Pro. In Helena, Mont., when police picked up a 15-year-old boy for auto theft, the lad said: "I'm not a juvenile delinquent. I don't take hub caps and that kind of stuff. I just steal cars."

Fate Accompli. In Southampton, England, 21-year-old Pakhar Singh told army recruiters that he had hitchhiked 12,000 miles from Malaya through India, Afghanistan, Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, Switzerland and France to join the British army because he wanted "to see the world."

Printer's Eros. In Pittsburgh, Divorcee Jane Oliver, seeking a housekeeper for her children, placed a classified ad offering "room and board, small salary in exchange for your loving care." was inundated with phone calls after the *Press* ran the ad under MALE HELP WANTED.

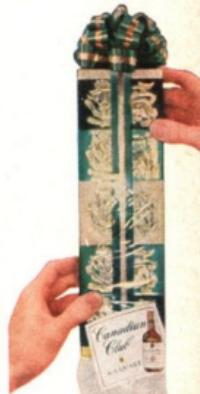
Broken Field. In Toledo, Taxi Driver Elmer Bittow was convicted of drunken driving after sheepishly admitting that he had driven his cab 26 miles south down the northbound lane of the Detroit-Toledo Expressway.

Spinal Column Right. In Sydney, Australia, Robert McGrath won \$938 compensation after he told a district court that, during a military training course, he had injured his back coming to attention.

Tread & Wine. In Seattle, pressed into emergency service to play the role of the Apostle Simon in a performance of the Passion Play, Automobile Dealer Joseph Gandy took advantage of a lull during the Last Supper to sell a Ford to the man playing James.

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in such a variety of
impressive gift wraps.
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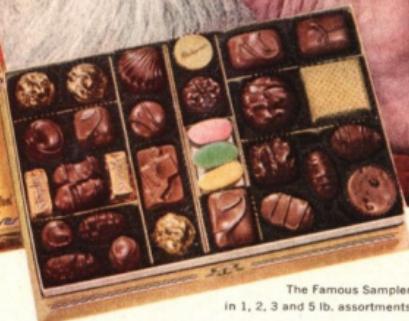


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A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

What Khrushchev Wants

In one of the postwar's most remarkable political interviews, Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey talked across a Kremlin table last week for eight hours with the stumpy, gap-toothed man who rules the Russians. Humphrey, like such other recent Kremlin visitors as Adlai Stevenson and Pundit Walter Lippmann, came away convinced that Khrushchev knows what he wants, and intends to get it. And what Khrushchev wants right now, first and more than anything else, is Berlin. "I do not think that war over Berlin is likely," said Humphrey in London after the interview (*see Foreign Relations*). "But I would say that it is not impossible."

Khrushchev has superlative cause for worrying about the continued existence of West Berlin: it stands as a showcase outpost of freedom—a glowing symbol, 100 miles inside the Iron Curtain, of successful allied policy and capitalist prosperity, a haven for thousands upon thousands of East German refugees in flight from the drab, despondent backdrop of Communist East Germany. West Berlin's symbolism is repeated on a much larger scale in Konrad Adenauer's German Federal Republic. To erase Western strength in Berlin would be a sure step toward

weakening West Germany, and the Russians have never ceased trying to punch a hole in NATO, to neutralize Germany and take it out of play by a succession of alternate bluffs and bribes. In this they have enjoyed a certain sympathy and support from ardent Western believers who see "disengagement" as a way to ease European tensions (*see FOREIGN NEWS*).

Minnesota's Humphrey, as a member of the loyal opposition in U.S. political terms, bluntly told Khrushchev that the U.S. is not going to get shoved out of Berlin. But, as a loyal member of the opposition, he came away calling for the U.S. to adopt some sort of "new approach" to the cold war. No one, least of all Secretary of State Dulles,^{*} would deny the possible benefits of a new approach—provided it had something to recommend it beyond mere newness. But such an approach can only be a tactical means of implementing the principle, explained by Dulles in a San Francisco speech last week (*see box*), that freedom itself—especially freedom expressed

* Dulles, who underwent a successful operation for cancer of the large intestine in 1956, last weekend entered the Walter Reed Army Hospital for examination of "an inflammatory condition of the lower colon"—with medical assurances that preliminary studies showed "no evidence of any recurrence of the malignancy of two years ago."



Sovfoto

HUMPHREY & KRUSHCHEV
A toast in Armenian brandy.

in economic and social progress and military confidence—is a force that can and will prevail. That principle is the basis of U.S. cold war policy. And the success of that policy, particularly as expressed in burgeoning West Germany, is the reason Nikita Khrushchev wants Berlin.



Pictorial Features

WEST BERLIN'S KURFÜRSTENDAMM
A showcase for freedom, a symbol of hope.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

8½ Hours in the Kremlin

On Nikita Khrushchev's desk was an ear of American corn, sent him by a U.S. seed company. On the nearby boardroom-type table were two bottles of mineral water: one from the North Caucasus, one from the South Caucasus. Khrushchev, wearing two Orders of Lenin medals on the left lapel of his dark suit jacket, waved his visitor to a chair at the table, took another for himself. "What," he asked, "would you like to discuss?" Repiled Minnesota's endlessly ebullient, hardheaded liberal Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey: "Many things." And for 8½ hours last week Nikita Khrushchev and Hubert Humphrey indeed discussed many things: it was the longest, perhaps the most revealing and certainly the most fascinating audience ever given by a Soviet Premier to a U.S. citizen.

Minnesota's Humphrey and his wife

Muriel, touring Europe, had gone to Moscow almost as an afterthought. But once there, Humphrey decided "to ask for everything and see what I got." Said he to the Intourist guide who took him in tow: "I want to see the Minister of Health and the Minister of Education." The Intourist man looked gravely doubtful. Continued Humphrey: "I want to appear on your television." The guide prepared to leave. Concluded Humphrey: "And I want to see Mr. Khrushchev." The guide was gone.

Humphrey worked his way through a score of Soviet ministers, deputy ministers and lesser bureaucrats. He appeared live on Moscow television for ten minutes ("We want to know you and we want you to know us and visit us"), taped a 25-minute program for radio; he wrote a signed article for *Izvestia* on the U.S. desire for peace, interlarding it with statistics calculated to show the contrast between U.S. and Russian life ("three quarters of our families own their own homes and their own automobiles, which war would all destroy"). And one afternoon, checking in with the Soviet Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Nations, he was told: "No need to take off your coat." Why not? The reply: "You are to be received by the First Minister at the Kremlin." It was then 2:30. By 3 o'clock, Humphrey and Khrushchev were deep in talk.

Strings or Noose? It began with Humphrey, who has few peers as an articulate, extended conversationalist, spending more than an hour in enthusiastic explanation of a pet project: an International Health Year, comparable to the current International Geophysical Year, for expanded exchanges of information in medical research fields. Khrushchev, Humphrey said later, responded warmly.

The talk turned to East-West trade, with Khrushchev blandly insisting that the Soviet Union does not use trade as a political weapon. A few nights before,



Associated Press

SECRETARY DULLES

An approach with more than newness?

DULLES & THE POSITIVE

Some editorialists looked in vain for their cherished "new approaches" in Secretary of State Dulles' speech last week to the California State Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco; but as a summary of U.S. foreign policy, the speech was notable for the centuries-old news that a fighting faith in freedom is positive foreign policy in the truest sense: Excerpts:

TIt is our policy to check the Communist use of threat of force by having retaliatory power and the will to use it, so that the Communist use of force would obviously be unprofitable to them. I emphasize both the power and the will, for one without the other is useless. Also, that will must be sufficiently manifest that potential aggressors will calculate that they could not aggress without disaster to themselves.

Furthermore, vast retaliatory power should not be and will not be invoked lightly. There must be an ability to oppose what may be limited probings in ways less drastic than general nuclear war. A capacity quickly to help Lebanon; such power as was rapidly deployed in the Formosa area; the presence of U.S. forces in such areas as Berlin, West Germany and Korea, all contribute essentially to the peace and security of our country.

The free nations which have accumulated capital need to assist the less developed countries to carry out, in freedom, development programs. The peoples of the less developed countries must feel that they live in an environment that is made dynamic by forces that will lift them out of what, for most, has been stagnant morasses of poverty. This task is, in the main, one for private capital and normal trade, but government must effectively supplement private efforts.

The Magnet. It is never sufficient to be defensive. Freedom must be a positive force that will penetrate. Freedom is still a magnet that attracts. Let me recall some facts:

¶ Of the Chinese Communist prisoners taken in Korea, two-thirds rejected repatriation.

¶ In Korea about 2,000,000 have gone from the Communist North to the South.

¶ In Viet Nam nearly 1,000,000 went from the Communist North to the South.

¶ During the Hungarian rebellion 200,000 escaped to freedom.

¶ In Germany over 3,000,000 have gone from East to West.

Indeed the evidence seems to suggest a "law" of popular gravitation to democratic freedom. Within the past five years there have been violent outbreaks in East Berlin, East Germany, Poland, Hungary and Communist China. Today the Soviet rulers threaten West Berlin. Why? It is simple. It

is because they have been put on the defensive by the inspiring demonstration there of what free men can do. Internally, Red China is feverishly imposing a communication program designed quickly to transform the Chinese nation into a great military and industrial power. The program involves human slavery, and cruelty on a scale unprecedented in all world history.

The Weakness. Communist rulers have shown a formidable capacity to impose their rule. But if free men show the good fruits of freedom, the enslavers will always be on the defensive and will face the ultimate collapse of their system.

Materialistic despots, with their iron discipline, their mechanistic performance, their hard and shiny exterior, always seem formidable. Democracies seem to stumble and falter; they advertise their differences and always seem vulnerable. But history has demonstrated that democracies are usually stronger and despots are always more vulnerable than they appear. For example, it is impossible for Communist nations to develop into modern industrial states without a large degree of education. But minds so educated also penetrate the fallacies of Marxism and increasingly resist conformity. Also, there are increasing demands on the part of the subject peoples for more consumer goods, for more of the fruits of their labor.

Such internal pressures are bound to alter the character of the Communist regimes, particularly if these regimes are denied the glamor and prestige of great external successes. You may recall that when Khrushchev, in 1956, attacked the abuses of Stalin, he explained that they could not have been corrected earlier because "many victories were gained during his lifetime."

To deny external successes to International Communism is not merely a negative, defensive policy. It accelerates the evolution within the Sino-Soviet bloc of policies which will increasingly seek the welfare of their own peoples rather than exploit these peoples in world conquest.

If the non-Communist nations hold fast to policies which deter armed aggression; if they prevent subversion through economic processes; and, above all, if they demonstrate the good fruits of freedom, then we can know that freedom will prevail.

when a second-string Russian bureaucrat denied that the Russians attach strings to their trade offers. Humphrey retorted: "Why, I've just come from a country [Finland] where [trade] not only has strings; it's a political noose." Humphrey asked Khrushchev for specific facts, began pressing his own statistics on Khrushchev, who shrugged: "I am not expert, and there are details I am not familiar with." He promised to bring in Trade Expert Anastas Mikoyan later.

Subtle & Clever. Across the length and breadth of big and little problems ranged the conversation. Politician Humphrey talked about the perils of farm politics in the Midwest; Politician Khrushchev grinned widely when he talked about outmaneuvering his rivals in the Politburo, said of one of them (unnamed by Humphrey): "He knew arithmetic but he didn't know politics." Humphrey was deeply impressed with Khrushchev's knowledge of U.S. political details, ranging from understanding of constitutional balances down to vote margins and knowledge of such individual races as the victory of Nelson Rockefeller for Governor in New York and the defeat of Bill Knowland in California. They chatted about Khrushchev's health, and he owned up to having some kidney trouble. "Khrushchev began telling me about capitalism and how he began as a worker. I told him a great many people in our country started at the bottom, and on this and on capitalism I told him he just didn't know what he was talking about."

Humphrey asked about anti-Semitism in Russia. "Why," said Khrushchev, "my own son married a Jewess." Khrushchev boasted about his full mobilization, seven-year roadbuilding plan: "Even a philosopher becomes a better philosopher if he goes out and works with his hands." Humphrey brought up the touchy subject of Russian relations with Red China. "Ah," said Nikita Khrushchev, "you are subtle and clever, leading me into talking about these things." But he talked at length, said he was not worried about Red China, left Humphrey with the impression that he feels superior about the Chinese. Humphrey got the idea that Khrushchev still wants a Summit conference.

Most topical of all, Humphrey and Khrushchev discussed Soviet intentions in Berlin, and Humphrey was convinced that Khrushchev means business—up to a point: "I don't think he's going to back down, but I believe he's left a slight loophole or two—a slight escape hatch." Humphrey "hammered it in" that Americans, regardless of political party affiliation, support President Eisenhower in his determination to stand fast in Berlin. "We're not going to get run out of the ballpark," said Democrat Humphrey. "If fact, somebody else might get run out."

"Smart, Strong & Tough." At 4:30 and again at 5:30, Humphrey made motions toward leaving, but each time Khrushchev waved him back to his chair. At 7, dinner (beef, ham, wild fowl, etc.) was brought in, topped by a toast in Armenian brandy. At dinner's end, Humphrey made a forthright suggestion. "I agree," said

Nikita Khrushchev, and the two tramped off to a Kremlin lavatory, were soon back at the conference table. At 9, Anastas Mikoyan dropped by, and the talk returned to trade. At 9:30 it occurred to Humphrey that his wife might be worried about him; a Kremlin aide called her at the National Hotel. And finally, at 11:30, the marathon interview came to an end.

In London, before flying back to the U.S. last weekend, Hubert Humphrey was cautious about disclosing all the details of his talk with Khrushchev. He planned to report personally both to President Eisenhower and to Secretary of State Dulles—



MURIEL HUMPHREY
A call from the Kremlin.

and to carry a direct message from Khrushchev to Ike. He had been impressed by Khrushchev: "This man is tough. Smart, strong and tough."

He was impressed too by the U.S.S.R.: "These people are looking ahead. Everything that's happened up to now doesn't matter. It's now and next month and next year for them. They don't give a damn, for example, for Konrad Adenauer. He's an old man, and they're thinking right now about the people who are going to run Germany after him. They're out there in Indo-China and India and Ghana working at real diplomacy while we still mess around in the old Florentine way."

But was Humphrey, in view of his experiences, worried about the free world future? Said Hubert Humphrey: "Hell no."

THE ADMINISTRATION Battle for Brains

President Eisenhower's first official act after he got back to Washington from his Georgia vacation last week was to sign an executive order ending an intramural battle for control of space-research laboratories and brains. The batters: the Army and the two-month-old, civilian-bossed National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Against bitter Army opposition,

the fledgling NASA had been trying to wrest from the Army 1) the \$55 million Caltech Jet Propulsion Laboratory in suburban Los Angeles, with its staff of 2,300, and 2) the Army Ballistic Missile Agency at Huntsville, Ala., with its priceless space-scout team headed by Rocketeer Werner von Braun.

Under last week's Ike-ordered compromise, NASA got the Caltech lab, but the Army kept ABMA, though Von Braun & Co. will have to take on some NASA projects. Army spacemen could scarcely hide their grins of relief. NASA's boss, Dr. T. Keith Glennan, sounded a little disappointed, but he emphatically announced that he had "no designs" on other military space-research facilities. Said he resignedly: "I doubt that I can go through this again."

ARMED FORCES Slow Bird

"Once again," said the trade magazine *Aviation Week* in an angry editorial, "the Soviets have beaten us needlessly to a significant technical punch." What provoked *Aviation Week* to such fury was its own story, not to be confirmed elsewhere, that in the last two months a "wide variety of foreign observers" had seen the military prototype of a nuclear-powered plane flying over Moscow. For its part, the Pentagon was 1) skeptical that the Russians were already flying a nuclear plane, 2) well braced to ride out the propaganda storm if the Russians do fly the first A-plane and pull off some stunts such as circling the globe nonstop. Reason: While the U.S. is spending about \$100 million a year in a slow development of the twelve-year-old nuclear plane program, planners have made a command decision that a nuclear plane, in the present state of the art, has so many military drawbacks that the program is not worth an all-out effort. Among the drawbacks:

¶ Because of the heavy reactor and the extremely heavy shielding required to protect the crew, a nuclear plane would be too big, too heavy and too slow for modern warfare.

¶ With present technology, a nuclear turbojet engine would offer only the advantage of endurance, and this already is largely overcome by long-range and in-flight refueling techniques for faster-flying jets; moreover, both jets and the nuclear plane will soon be made obsolete by missiles.

¶ A crash on take-off or landing with the reactor operating would scatter radioactive material over a wide area.

¶ While advocates of an all-out nuclear plane program envision the plane as some kind of perpetual motion aerial weapons carrier hovering on the fringes of enemy territory, this concept is impractical in the days of heat-seeking defensive missiles such as Sidewinder because of the high temperature of a nuclear power plant. "It would," said one Washington wag, "just about suck the missiles off their assembly lines into the exhaust stacks."

SPACE

Missiles West

Despite some spectacular experimental failures and some anguished cries that the U.S. has lost its touch, the nation is deep into the most intensive, fast-moving and spectacularly promising scientific development program of its history. One sign was the Army's attempt to shoot the moon from Cape Canaveral last week—an attempt that was rated a failure because the Army's Pioneer III stopped rising after a breathtaking 66,654 miles out, gravitated back to burn up in earth's atmosphere (*see SCIENCE*). Another was the almost routine Defense Department announcement of an open-ended, long-term program to launch a series of low-flying eye-in-the-sky satellites weighing as much as 1,300 lbs., starting next month.

But the quietest and perhaps most meaningful news was that the Air Force was getting ready this week to fire an intermediate range Thor from a brand-new base perched on a jagged coastal saucer 168 miles northwest of Los Angeles—Strategic Air Command's Vandenberg Air Force Base. The West Coast missile complex is designed to take up where Cape Canaveral leaves off; *i.e.*, primarily to shoot operational missiles and train crews to handle them. One Western advantage: satellites can be flung thence into polar orbits (*see diagram*) without hazard to populated areas.

Gantries & Sentries. Named for the late Air Force Chief of Staff (1948-53) General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, the new base is abuilding on 64,000 eucalyptus-strewn acres that in World War II and Korea were Army's Camp Cooke. Tattered bayonet targets, reminders of pre-pushbutton war, stand in a quiet tract, while 3,900 civilians and 3,500 airmen work busily around a futuristic maze: three 135-ft. Atlas gantries on nearly completed pads, three more Atlas pads still being poured, eight Thor pads, 8,000-ft. bases for electronic tracking, a hangar-shaped missile-assembly building and a convenient liquid oxygen (LOX) factory.

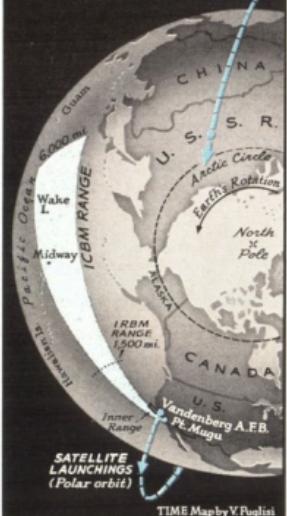
Commander of it all is Louisiana-born Major General David Wade, Atlas-sized (6 ft., 4 in., 210 lbs.) command pilot (7,000 hours) who served (1956-57) as SAC chief of staff to the father of alert deterrence, Air Force General Curtis E. LeMay. Wade's command includes the new SAC 704th Strategic Missile Wing at Vandenberg and two Jupiter squadrons now at Huntsville, Ala. In SAC's business-like way, Wade now enforces "maximum security" on the base, will soon reinforce his armed guards with sentry dogs.

Headache & Bonanza. Wade's training shots of Thor, Atlas and second-generation missiles (perhaps the solid-fuel Minuteman) will soar over the vast National Pacific Missile Range, be scored for hits and misses by naval units reporting to nearby Point Mugu Naval-Air Missile Test Center. Already experienced at its work, the twelve-year-old Navy center has been scoring its own Sparrow and Bullpup guided missiles over a short ocean range, safely sent ship-based Regulus missiles

over the mountains 500 miles inland to impact at Dugway Proving Grounds, Utah. Now enlarging to handle bigger missiles—perhaps to test submarine-based Polaris as well as work on National Aeronautics and Space Administration experiments—the Navy has recently started pad construction on 20,000 acres at Point Arguello right next to Vandenberg.

The mushrooming of the West Coast missile complex has brought a combination bonanza and headache to the nearby town of Lompoc, once noted for its peaceful setting amid acres of seed farms. Population has jumped from 7,000 to 9,000 in two years, school enrollment has all but doubled, land values have gone from \$2,000 to \$8,000 an acre. But even though its streets are jammed with airmen, construction workers and even visiting R.A.F. trainees, Lompoc, remembering the fabulous buildup at Camp Cooke during past wars—and the abrupt shutdowns that followed—is alone in the world in not quite believing that missiles are here to stay.

PACIFIC SPACE PORT



THE BUDGET

Bipartisan Purse-Watching

Only a month after the congressional elections that some pundits called a landslide for liberal spenders and a month before the President's budget message goes to Congress—a key congressional Democrat and a key Administration moneyman laid down similar, tough arguments against a spending spree. The two:

HOUSE WAYS & MEANS CHAIRMAN WILBUR MILLS: "The question should be raised as to whether an expenditure or a service deemed to be desirable within an overall budget of \$20, \$30 or \$40 billion continues as a desirable, justified expenditure as a part of an \$80 billion budget . . . Consistency requires that Government programs be evaluated in terms of what must be given up by the increased taxes necessary to pay for them." Parallel path to an eventual balanced budget is stiffening of taxes in areas where the collector's touch is lightest (insurance companies, oil depletion allowance, farm cooperatives) and a broadening of the tax base to "stand the stress and strain of high revenue requirements."

BUDGET DIRECTOR MAURICE STANS: "Why is it that some business leaders join taxpayers' organizations to bring pressure on the Government to cut expenses, yet support industry groups seeking more Government subsidies? Why is it that some labor leaders press hard for wage increases to keep up with the cost of living, and then urge a massive program of legislative action which, if adopted, would lead to more deficit spending, higher taxes, and inflation?"

"Why is it that some farmers at once embrace the new farm technology which multiplies crop production, and demand a structure of Government price supports and other benefits and services which, at an annual cost to the American taxpayers of between \$7 and \$8 billion, is exceeded only by defense expenditures and debt service?"

"Nobody should be surprised if in the President's coming budget message there are a number of [new] proposals made to scale down or eliminate Government services."

ARKANSAS

Surprise in Little Rock

Little Rock, Ark., muddling along in its 15th month of school segregation crisis, last week elected a new board of education to replace five members who resigned Nov. 14, plus a sixth, Segregationist Dale Alford, who opposed and beat Congressman Brooks Hays in the general elections. The big surprise: three of the victors are moderates on the integration question, won despite hot-blooded opposition by Segregationist Governor Orval Faubus, who proclaimed on election eve that the three were really integrationists. Said defeated Candidate W. F. Rector, another moderate who was defeated by a pro-Faubus candidate: the moderates' victory "may give courage to other people to stand up for their convictions."

BIRMINGHAM: Integration's Hottest Crucible



U.S. STEEL'S TENNESSEE COAL & IRON PLANT: IN THE MELTING POT, A THREAT

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. (pop. 390,150), most concentrated heavy-industry city in Deep South, steel mills, iron foundries, etc., set up 1871 in midst of Jones Valley iron ore, coal, limestone; now centers around Tennessee Coal & Iron Division of U.S. Steel Corp. with 25,000 employees, also diversifies into 720 firms, e.g., Hayes Aircraft Corp., which turn out 3,250 products. Ample cheap labor force: rural white in-migrants, Negroes. Negro population: 38.9%, with rising living standards, though only 21.1% of Negro families make upwards of \$4,000 a year against 77.2% of whites. Tourist attraction: Vulcan, 55-ft. monument on top of 120-ft. pedestal on Red Mountain to god of metalwork.

VULCAN's city burned with resentment last week as it waited for U.S. Attorney General William P. Rogers to make good on his promise to call the federal grand jury to investigate a possible violation of civil rights by Birmingham's police force. Six weeks ago Birmingham's cops arrested three Negro ministers from Montgomery who were caught talking with local Negro leaders about a possible bus boycott, charged them with vagrancy. Said Birmingham's police chief, Eugene Connor, who refused even to discuss the case with FBI agents: "I haven't got any damn apology to the FBI or anybody else. Maybe I just didn't tell the FBI what Rogers wanted me to tell them. Maybe that's why that jackass is yapping his brains out."

"Bull" Connor is a big voice in Birmingham, where a smelter economy, stamped onto Alabama's rural culture, makes a melting pot of raw men as well as raw metals. Birmingham, settled six years after the Civil War, is no repository of genteel Southern tradition and/or moderation, has been keyed to violence, whether labor troubles in the 1930s or desegregation in the 1950s. And Birmingham's white country people, teeming from piney woods to steel mills, view desegregation less as an abstract threat to be fended off by lawyers than as a specific, bread-and-butter threat to jobs, promotions, family security. Says Bull Connor: "If the North keeps trying to cram this thing down our throats, there's going to be bloodshed."

Blast of Bombs. This sort of prediction, oratorical in many areas of the South, has to be taken with seriousness in Vulcan's city. Reason: in the last decade, by minimal count of Birmingham's white newspapers, there have already been 22 dynamite bombings and four arson burns attributable to race tensions. Fountain Heights and North Smithfield, where Negroes, with a go-ahead from federal courts, began moving in nine years ago to break the city's segregated housing patterns, are now known as "Dynamite Hill." The \$18,000 home of the Negro woman who had won the lawsuit was torn by a dynamite blast days after the court decision. And many years, many blasts later, the ordeal turned to terror one night last July when three whites drove onto Dynamite Hill, tossed one bomb at a Negro

home, lobbed another at the home of a white family that was talking about selling to Negroes. The police eventually got all three; one was convicted last week by a Jefferson County circuit court jury that recommended a ten-year prison sentence, with probation; the other two are out on bail awaiting trial.

Birmingham's best-known Negro leader, the Rev. Fred L. Shuttlesworth, a tough, thick-skinned, egocentric sort, has had his home bombed, his church bombed. Arrests in the case to date: nil. So Shuttlesworth has taken his protection into his own hands, now musters a guard of a dozen or so Negro volunteers at his church and home every night on shifts dusk to dawn.

Silence of Fear. In this situation Birmingham's moderates mostly prefer to keep their thoughts to themselves. Result: a vacuum of leadership. Those businessmen who profess moderation run the risk, if not of dynamite, of economic reprisals such as loss of jobs, promotions, trouble with city licenses, city contracts, harassment on petty automobile offenses, tightening up on loans, etc. Mayor James Morgan, popular with businessmen, in office since 1937, is privately telling friends that he intends to resign next year—"I used to enjoy going to the City Hall. I don't any more." Housewives who profess moderation run the risk of social ostracism. White ministers, asked to help improve communications between the races, reply only with generalities. Says one moderate: "It isn't enough that you are in favor of segregation. You've got to say so out loud or you're suspected of being on the other side."

Such segregationist groups as the Ku Klux Klan and White Citizens' Councils concentrate unerringly on keeping the moderates silent and leaderless. Method No. 1: Informers. One of the six men arrested in a Negro castration case turned out to be a Ku Klux Klan captain of intelligence—and a member of Alabama's interracial Council on Human Relations who had sat quietly through all council meetings. Method No. 2: Quick Mobilization. The Citizens' Councils have a chain-telephone-call system that can blanket the city in twelve hours. Method No. 3: Phone Threats. A Presbyterian minister who wrote to the *Birmingham News* last September simply to protest Orval Faubus' indictment of Presbyterian ministers as "brainwashed left-wingers" (TIME, Sept. 29) still gets regular, threatening, dead-of-night phone calls. And the thing that makes such psychological warfare real is the threat of dynamite.

One Methodist minister, active in the hard-harassed Council on Human Relations, has moved his daughters, aged 3 and 1, into the back bedroom because of "fear of bombings."

This is why, in the death of leadership, the silence of fear, the bomb blasts of hatred, Birmingham, Vulcan's crucible, is the toughest city in the South, and likely to get tougher. It is also why the voice of a police chief, Bull Connor, has emerged as the voice of one of the great cities of the U.S.



CONNOR



SHUTTLESWORTH

ALABAMA

Predictable Welcome

Established last year under the first major civil rights legislation since Reconstruction, the six-member U.S. Civil Rights Commission spent nearly a year getting itself organized, set this week for its first formal hearings. Predictably, it ran right off the bat into something less than Southern hospitality.

The commission's first investigation took it to Montgomery, Ala., to look into charges that Negro voting rights had been violated. But the commissioners found themselves unable to stay together at a Montgomery hotel because one of them, former Assistant Labor Secretary J. Ernest Wilkins, is a Negro. Having found quarters at Maxwell Air Force Base, the group promptly encountered another welcome-mat-turned-stumbling-block. When they tried to subpoena county voting records, they discovered that Circuit Judge George Wallace (who was soundly whipped for Governor this year by equally segregationist-minded Attorney General John Patterson) had impounded the records, was threatening to jail any commission investigator who came nosing around.

NEBRASKA

Down for the Count

In Republican Nebraska, the idea of a Democratic Governor seemed almost incredible. And to two-term Republican Governor Victor Anderson, 56, the idea of losing to Democrat Ralph Brooks, 60, superintendent of schools at McCook and president of McCook College, seemed completely incredible: Brooks began dabbling at politics in the early 1940s, had since become noted only for his fast-talking style (he was once clocked at 487 words in one minute) and for a speech titled "Nebraska" that he delivered more than 300 times. Last week, in fact, after the official count of the 1958 election showed that Nebraska's farm revolt had given Brooks 211,424 votes to Anderson's 209,869, Anderson still refused to believe it: he raised the \$20,000 necessary for a re-count which, by otherwise general agreement, will end up with Nebraska's still having elected Ralph Brooks as its first Democratic Governor in 18 years.

POLLS

Jack Be Quick

Massachusetts' Democratic Senator Jack Kennedy got one more reason this week to wish that 1960 were closer around the corner. On top of his 870,000-vote re-election plurality, Kennedy last week had the word of the Gallup poll that he would walk away from Vice President Richard Nixon if the two ran for the presidency right now—and by a much fatter majority than in any of three earlier trial heats run by Gallup. Results (discounting the undecided):

	Feb.	June	Now
Kennedy	56%	51%	59%
Nixon	44%	49%	41%

DEMOCRATS

Party Twang

Democratic National Committee members had no sooner gathered in Washington for their first meeting since the 1958 elections than California's Stevensonite Paul Ziffren drew the battle lines. In view of the sweeping national character of the Democratic election victory, said he in effect, the party had better forget its Southern drawl in favor of a Yankee political twang. From that point on, the Democrats spent most of their time skirmishing over the issues of North v. South—with about the usual results.

The Southerners arrived in Washington determined to second the vote of the Louisiana Democratic State Central Committee and oust moderation-minded Louisiana National Committeeman Camille F. Gravel Jr., who, since 1954, has backed several civil rights measures. Gravel was

all of which meant that the North was in complete control of the Democratic Party—except in the U.S. Congress, where senior Southerners predominate among committee chairmen, and only until 1960, when Democratic presidential candidates will start courting Southern delegates for convention votes.

OPINION

The Rules of Nonconformity

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist.

—Emerson

"There is no more self-righteously high-mindedly closed a mind than that of a nonconformist," writes 35-year-old Morris Freedman, longtime freelance writer (*New Republic*, *Harper's*) and associate professor of English at the University of New Mexico. Freedman's complaint,



Associated Press

NATIONAL COMMITTEE'S BUTLER & GRAVEL
In control until courting time.

supported by National Chairman Paul Butler, who insisted that only the National Committee itself can boot one of its members. Gravel won a resounding 91-to-15 vote of endorsement.

In the weeks before the National Committee meeting, some of the Southerners had had bigger game in mind than Camille Gravel: Chairman Butler, who for months had been daring them to get out of the party if they could not line up with the party's Democratic policy on civil rights. But in the elections' aftermath, with liberals more clearly in party control than at any time in the last decade, and with a smashing victory on the record, most realistic Southern committee members had given up any hope of deposing Butler. In the event, they got their faces rubbed in the ashes of resentment: by an 84-to-18 vote, the National Committee specifically commended Paul Butler for his "forthright utterances on civil rights."

published in the Phi Beta Kappa *American Scholar*: nonconformism is getting to be more orthodox than conformism, especially among intellectuals in college communities and in the publishing, advertising and entertainment professions. "The nonconformists are right," says Freedman, when they accuse the majority of mass thinking and responses. "Yet it may easily be shown that the self-elected nonconformists are culpable on every count on which they attack conformists."

So strictly orthodox is the nonconformist that it is impossible for him to say "a good word about Dulles, Nixon, Lyndon Johnson . . . James Gould Cozzens, or a bad one about Henry James, Adlai Stevenson, Lionel Trilling or Freud; to express approval of any television show (except *Omnibus*, Ed Murrow or Sid Caesar) or of any American movie (except the inexpensive and badly lighted ones, or the solemn westerns, like *High Noon*);



Associated Press

RESCUE AT OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS SCHOOL "Better leave room for 100 names."

to dislike any foreign films (except those imitating American ones); to believe that you can buy ready-made a good hi-fi set; to wear a non-Ivy-league suit ... to prefer American cars, for any reason, to European; to believe that there may be any justice in the official position on Oppenheimer; to defend Western diplomacy on any basis; to invite company to dinner without candles on the table and without chamber music in the background; to criticize Arthur Miller or Tennessee Williams as playwrights or otherwise ... to like Tchaikovsky or Irving Berlin, or to dislike Leonard Bernstein or Mozart; to express admiration for Marilyn Monroe or any other American movie star; to disparage Alec Guinness ...

"If nonconformity is to have its rightful say in American life, as it did with Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman and Veblen, it must stop making a fetish of itself. Conformity ... may, in the end, prove to have the greater attraction for those genuinely seeking a free and full life. After all, unrestricted amateur nonconformism is one of the honorable paths in American history. In the meanwhile, we must oppose all efforts of the dedicated nonconformists to make us not conform according to their rules."

DISASTERS

The Chicago School Fire

In a fifth-grade geography class, ten-year-old John Mele wrote in his notebook: "Where along the Atlantic Coastal Plain can oysters be found?" In a seventh-grade history class, twelve-year-old Andrea Gagliardo was studying "The Missionaries in Florida and Louisiana." In an eighth-grade classroom, a boy had written in his spelling book: S-K-E-L-E-T-O-N, A-M-B-U-L-A-N-C-E, also "What is the definition of fiesty?"

It was 2:35 p.m., and already, through the high-ceilinged, 48-year-old Our Lady of the Angels grammar school in West Side Chicago, many of the 1,200 youngsters were beginning to turn away from books, fidget in their seats, wonder if the 3 p.m. dismissal bell would ever ring. In fifth-grade geography on the second floor, the teacher thought that the room was getting too warm. Said she: "Why don't some of you boys open the windows?" In fourth-grade arithmetic, a boy blurted: "Sister, I smell smoke." Smoke began to seep under classroom doors, through open transoms. A fire alarm clanged. The fourth-grade teacher opened the door, found the corridor full of smoke, slammed the door shut. She told the children to go to the windows and pray.

"I'm Going to Jump!" Driving his Buick south on Avers Avenue, Salesman Elmer Barkhaus, 61, glanced at the school, saw smoke coming out of the back door. Before he could get out of the car, flames were shooting out of the school. At 2:42 he gave the first alarm. At 2:44 the first company of firemen got there, sirens screaming. The situation: a flash fire had started in the rear-basement stair well of the school's north wing, had been shut out of the first floor by fire-prevention doors, was now engulfing the second floor—fire doors open—with five classrooms, upwards of 200 children.

On the second floor the fire blew through the 35-yr. corridor behind clouds of thick, black smoke, blocked all ways to the only fire escape at the rear. Out of the last of the five classrooms a nun in her 30s crawled with 40 seventh-graders to a front staircase, desperately rolled the children down the stairs to safety before coming down herself. But in the four other classrooms the children were trapped.

They panicked, ran screaming to the

windows, fighting, kicking, pummeling. Some jumped 25 ft. down to concrete pavements below, limped or crawled away with twisted limbs. Some hung on, waited for the firemen. Fourth-Grader Ronnie Sarno, 10, fought to a window, called out to his nine-year-old sister Joanne: "I'm going to jump! Do you want to come?" As he eased himself over the sill, he heard her scream: "Don't jump, Ron! Don't jump!" And never saw her alive again.

"Where's the Daughter At?" By 4 o'clock the firemen, with feats of businesslike heroism, got control of the fire, fought on to the smoke-foul second floor, began carrying out bodies. Police lines held back parents and relatives, some standing frozen and numb, some crying hysterically. As dark fell, the watchers moved on to St. Anne's Hospital 16 blocks from the school, waited for word of dead and injured. Doctors rushed children into surgery. Nurses parted crowds to wheel beds carrying children and plasma poles. Priests moved slowly from group to group, lips moving. One man in the crowd, a truck driver, said: "I heard it on the radio. I come straight home. I told my wife, 'Where's the daughter at?' I looked here. She got a little burned on the side." Another screamed at his wife: "Why didn't you keep her home today?" A nurse came out of a ward packed with children with burns, broken limbs, asked gently: "Is anybody looking for a little boy wearing a boy scout ring?"

From St. Anne's, scores of parents went on to the county morgue, a dark building surrounded by police ambulances with red lights flashing. There bodies were sectioned off beneath white sheets by ap-



Associated Press
FIREMAN & VICTIM
"I'm out here waiting for you."

ximate age and sex. "Maffia?" a white-coated attendant called out. "The Maffia family?" Another attendant replied: "Sarno? Anyone here for Sarno?" The deputy coroner told a registrar: "Better have room for 100 names." The names: Michele Altobell . . . Karen Baroni . . . David Biscan . . . Philip Tampane . . . Christine Vitacco . . . Wayne Wisz. The toll: 91 dead—53 girls, 35 boys, three men—and more than 100 injured.

"Come On Out, Son." Next day Chicago dazedly, sadly, tried to find out what had gone wrong. Known point was that the second-floor fire doors had been left open, making a flue for the flames. Not known was how the fire had started at the foot of the stair well itself. A cigarette tossed into wastepaper in the basement? spontaneous combustion?

And dazedly the neighborhood was left to fathom the unfathomable. Dead was Joseph Modica, 9, who was almost through making a Christmas present for his family out of letters cut from a cereal box and glued onto a backing. It read: JOSEPH, PROMISE TO DO MY BEST, TO DO MY DUTY TO GOD AND MY COUNTRY, TO BE SQUARE, AND TO . . . Alive was Kenny Travers, 7, whose mother told a reporter, "I hugged him and hugged him" —whereupon Kenny interrupted, "And you said I can get candy whenever I want it." Two days later police watched understandingly as a man beat his hands against the door of Our Lady of the Angels, crying: "Come on out now, son. I'm out here waiting for you."

Behind that door, black laths hung down like macabre pennants. Jagged bits of glass were yellowed by the heat. Desks were overturned, heaped with rubble. A ballpoint pen lay here, a plastic billfold embossed PONYTAIL there. Charred coats still hung on hooks. A couple of odd shoes, one a loafer, one red-strapped, lay together filled with ice from fire hoses' water. On top of one blackboard, black letters still read: COME, LITTLE LORD, HERE IS THY BED.

PHILANTHROPY

Community's Right?

The American Cancer Society, which shares national fund-raisers' love for running their own big campaigns, served a November 1957 ultimatum on 300 (out of some 3,000) local chapters that have joined United Fund-Community Chest drives. The order: get out of combined drives or out of A.C.S. Last week in Rochester, the local cancer society became the first to take the second alternative, created a local splinter cancer society. Explained an editorial in the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle*: "Laymen and doctors in the Monroe County chapter stand on the principle that it would be going backward to return to the days when every good cause made its own separate appeal for funds, resulting in public apathy toward all of them. Already the separate fund drives this year have experienced public resentment and slackening of donations. A community has a right to resent pressure from nationwide fund-raising groups."

LABOR

Old Lion's Roar

At 78, John Llewellyn Lewis still has a thick, flowing mane and a fearsome roar. He no longer bares his claws at Presidents, Congress and the federal courts; six years have passed since he last called his United Mine Workers out on a major strike. But last week, old John L. showed that his roar can still jolt the coal industry. The mere threat of a U.M.W. strike was enough to make unionized soft-coal operators accept costly new contract terms, topped by a \$2-a-day wage boost, which will bring the union miner's standard pay to \$24.25 a day. John L. has

foreign economic policy domain, ruled over by rich, polished Deputy Under Secretary for Economic Affairs C. Douglas Dillon.

Last week, at hearings of the House Ways & Means subcommittee on foreign-trade policy, Kearns called for "a single agency within the Federal Government responsible for coordinating all efforts to promote private investment abroad," then blandly quoted two businessmen who had suggested this job for Commerce. Scattered through Kearns's lengthy prepared statement were yard-wide hints that Congress would do well to beef up Commerce's role in foreign economic policy. Sample: "Those responsible for develop-



COMMERCE'S KEARNS

As if trouble from the outside were not enough.



Walter Bennett

STATE'S DILLON

generally accepted labor-saving machinery and consequent boosts in productivity, but these have not been enough, soft-coal companies implied in announcing that prices would go up after Jan. 1. Economists guessed that the increases would set the pattern for hard coal prices, in steel and eventually through the rest of the economy.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Struggle for Empire

As if the makers of U.S. foreign economic policy did not have plenty to worry about already—Soviet economic offensives, the "revolution of rising expectations" in underdeveloped countries, resentment against budget deficits at home—an old-fashioned struggle for bureaucratic empire was shaping up in Washington to complicate matters. Apparently with the unspoken O.K. of newly appointed Commerce Secretary Lewis Strauss, the Commerce Department's blunt, contentious Assistant Secretary for International Affairs Henry Kearns, 47, sometime California Chevrolet dealer, is trying to invade the State Department's

ing an interest in foreign investment abroad, such as the Department of Commerce, should have a voice in the foreign lending policies of the public agencies."

Through all this, Diplomat Dillon, sometime U.S. Ambassador to France, sat by without flicking an eyebrow.

The insider odds are that Kearns will make little headway. Dillon carries a lot more prestige than Kearns, both within the Administration and on Capitol Hill. During last spring's hearings on the Administration's reciprocal trade bill, Kearns's rough-edged stubbornness so annoyed Ways & Means committee members that there was talk of formally expelling him from the hearing room. When Dillon replaced Kearns as the Administration spokesman, the stalled bill glided through the committee with ease. But Kearns has an influential friend on Ways & Means: Louisiana's Hale Boggs, chairman of the foreign-trade subcommittee. "He's not afraid to barge in where angels fear to tread," Boggs admiringly says of Kearns. At week's end Hale Boggs took off for Europe for a ten-day look at Western European trade policies, and with him went Henry Kearns.

FOREIGN NEWS

BERLIN

Hands, Brains & Moods

It was characteristic of Berlin that while the rest of the world fretted about its continued existence, West Berliners were agitated by an old-fashioned election campaign. "I have come here to experience the coolness and confidence of Berliners," said Konrad Adenauer, and the old Chancellor's adroit compliment expressed a fact.

To an appreciative audience, Berlin's hottest political phenomenon, 45-year-old Socialist Mayor Wily Brandt, began a speech: "Everybody seems to be excited. And if the outside world is more excited than we are, perhaps we should at least be sympathetic."

Out There. The famed Berlin spirit long ago reckoned all its dangers, and decided not to dismiss them, but it also decided not to be oppressed by them. Says an officer of the Chamber of Trade and Industry, "We live by our hands and by our brains—and by other peoples' moods." Down inside, no West Berliner living in 186 sq. mi. of freedom 110 miles inside the Iron Curtain, can be indifferent to other people's moods, particularly "out there," as West Berliners call West Germany. In Bonn last week, before setting out for Berlin, Adenauer had summoned Socialist Opposition leaders for a rare visit to his Chancellery. All joined in spurning Khrushchev's talk of a "Free Berlin." But their Socialist Leader Erich Ollenhauer spoke up.

Had the time not arrived to reach for a larger settlement with the Russians about Germany's future status? "Ja, fine," said the old man, "we can discuss reunification at the same time." Adenauer had not

changed: with him it was still reunification *über alles*. Next day Adenauer admonished the "flexibles" among his own party's Bundestag Deputies to stand "absolutely firm" with the West against wider negotiations over Berlin.

"I want to warn you," he added, "that any discussion of a peace treaty means discussing the Eastern frontier question," i.e., risking endorsement of the present Oder-Neisse border with Poland and thus abandoning Germany's "lost territories" to the East. It was the Chancellor's clinching argument, and a specifically German one, which had less appeal outside (the London *Economist* commented icily that the West "will still fight for Berlin but it will not fight for Breslau").

Money Stays. The Berlin that both Adenauer and his Opposition want to defend is not resting on the six months' stay of political execution that Khrushchev so grandly conceded. Hardly 1% of its bank deposits have fled to safer havens in the West since the crisis began; only a few factory orders have been canceled. Buildings still mushroom, factories still hum, refugees still pour in, as many as 2,000 a week, from Communist Germany.

A city 85% destroyed in World War II, West Berlin (pop., 2,000,000) now produces 25% more industrial goods than it did in 1936 and exports ten times as much as it did in 1950. All the world buys its machinery and its Siemens heavy electrical gear (generators for Mexico, transformers for South America). West German women wear Berlin's smartly tailored fashions. Three fancy new hotels have just opened, including the Berlin Hilton, featuring New York-style high prices and bellhops who hop to orders received by pocket radio. The only reason that West

WHAT TO DO ABOUT GERMANY?

The Rise of Rapacki Fever

Four weeks ago when Nikita Khrushchev stirred up the Berlin crisis, world attention focused on whether the vital but vulnerable Western outpost could and would hold out. The answer was yes. But by this week it was clearer than ever that the prime intent of Khrushchev's maneuvers is to reopen the far more complex problem of divided Germany and its future.

RAPACKI FEVER," said a prominent West German last week, "is everywhere these days." The symptoms of Rapacki fever—named after Red Poland's Foreign Minister Adam Rapacki—are: 1) loud protestations that something must be done at once to "relieve tensions" in Central Europe; 2) the conviction that the prime source of these tensions lies in the present divided condition of Germany. Victims of Rapacki fever assume that there is little hope either for the U.S. to "roll back" Soviet forces from Eastern Europe or for the Russians to drive U.S. forces out of Western Europe. So they proclaim the need of an in-between solution—some kind of disengagement of Soviet and U.S. power. Among the most discussed disengagement proposals:

THE RAPACKI PLAN. For more than a year, Poland's Foreign Minister has been plumping for creation of a "denuclearized" zone to consist of Poland, Czechoslovakia, East and West Germany. In its present version—revised, according to Rapacki, to "meet Western objections"—the Rapacki Plan would begin by banning production of nuclear weapons in these four countries and restricting atomic armaments in the area to such forces as already have them, to wit, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. The next step—complete denuclearization of the area—would take place only after agreement was reached on "appropriate reduction of conventional forces," including those maintained by the U.S. and U.S.S.R. in the four countries.

THE GAITSKELL PLAN. More ambitious than Rapacki, British Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell calls for the reunification of Germany by free elections and the evacuation of Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary by all foreign troops. To take his buffer zone completely out of the cold war, Gaitskell would have West Germany leave NATO and East Germany leave the Warsaw Pact; the frontiers of all the buffer zone nations would then be guaranteed by Britain, France, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.



Associated Press

ADENAUER & BRANDT IN BERLIN

"We and our Western allies will master the situation."

THE KENNAN PLAN. With sweeping simplicity, former U.S. Ambassador to Russia George Kennan a year ago suggested that in return for complete withdrawal of Soviet forces from Eastern Europe, all U.S. troops should leave Continental Europe. Like Gaitskell, Kennan is willing to accept German neutrality as the price of German reunification.

No Precedent, No Takers

All these proposals and their many variants have one thing in common: the assumption that because the U.S.S.R. refuses to accept reunification of Germany by free elections (as it originally promised), the West must buy a German settlement by surrendering some of its own positions of strength. Sole exception to this rule is the formula advanced by Sir Anthony Eden at Geneva in 1955, and revived in the House of Commons last week by Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd. Its basic provisions: Germany should be reunited by free elections and allowed to determine its own foreign policy (the NATO treaty does not commit a reunified Germany to membership). If United Germany chose to join NATO, the West would not move troops into what is now East Germany (which would bring NATO some 200 miles closer to Moscow), but would leave that area as a buffer zone.

Apart from the Eden Plan, no one has yet suggested a disengagement proposal that would not gravely endanger the military security of the Western nations. Communist Rapacki's projected nuclear freeze would seriously weaken NATO's ability to defend itself against Russia's vastly larger conventional forces, and would constitute a major victory for Moscow. Any plan that entails German withdrawal from NATO would probably lead to complete U.S. military withdrawal from Europe, since no Western European country save West Germany can be expected to play host to more than 175,000 U.S. soldiers.

Even if Soviet forces were withdrawn to Russia's own borders, they would remain within relatively easy striking distance of all Central Europe. Furthermore, since Germany is not Austria, the idea of a permanently neutralized Germany is almost certainly illusory. "There is no precedent in history," notes former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, "for the successful insulation of a large and vital country situated, as Germany is, between two power systems and with ambitions and purposes of its own."

Signs are, moreover, that all the disengagement schemes so far suggested would be just as unacceptable to Russia as they are to the West. The upheavals in East Germany, Hungary and Poland have surely convinced Moscow that withdrawal of Soviet troops from any of the satellites would spell the downfall of the local Communist regime.

Why, then, did Khrushchev turn the international spotlight on "the German



RAPACKI



GAIKSKELL

question"? Western experts no longer believe that he was merely probing for weak spots in the Western alliance. Moscow is well aware that an increasing number of West German politicians, especially the Socialists, regard Konrad Adenauer's stern insistence on reunification, with no strings attached, as dead-end diplomacy. They are flirting restlessly with the notion that if the West agreed to discuss German demilitarization first, it might be able to lure Moscow into serious talks about reunification.

The Whip & the Carrot

But there were signs that the Soviet objective was something far more concrete than mere psychological warfare. In the past four weeks Khrushchev has effectively reminded everyone that at no cost to himself he could make it extremely awkward and expensive for the West to stay in Berlin. Last week from Central Europe came reports that, after threatening the whip, the Russians were about to hold out a carrot. Reported terms:

- 1) Removal of the East German Communist government from the Berlin district of Pankow to another East German city—possibly Leipzig.
- 2) Establishment of all Berlin, East as well as West, as a free city administered by the U.N. and with U.N.-guaranteed ground and aerial corridors to West Germany.
- 3) West German withdrawal from NATO and East German withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact. ("A most unequal bargain," says British Laborite Nye Bevan.)

In the Bazaar

In itself, such a proposal is far short of what Konrad Adenauer describes as an "undescribable offer." But in the bazaar haggling of the cold war, it might be a first price to indicate a willingness to bargain. The direction that such bargaining would take is already fairly clear. In recent weeks both Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko and Polish Communist Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka have emphasized that the only way Germany can be reunified is as a "confederation."

What the Communists presumably mean by a confederation is an arrangement under which both East and West Germany would retain their present governments and economic systems, and even commitments, but would establish some

kind of "federal" parliament or high commission to regulate any trade and relations between the two Germany's, the one free, the other Communist. Even if a confederation were fairly proportioned between West Germany's 54 million people and East Germany's 17.4 million, it would mean open Western acceptance of the East German Communist government and of the Soviet presence in East Germany.

For some, confederation would have its temptations. By accepting it, the West would be promised abatement of Communist pressure on Berlin—at least until the Russians decided that such a promise belongs in the category of what *Izvestia* recently called "paper guarantees which have value perhaps only in history's dustbin." Confederation plays to the sympathies of those who, with vivid memories of two world wars, fear a rearmed and militarized Germany. It is a fear that disturbs not only Poles, Czechs, Frenchmen and Nye Bevan, but also distresses those who, like Konrad Adenauer, want safeguards on German militarism.

At the same time, confederation would probably allay some of the clamor in West Germany for reunification, thereby lessen the strain on West German loyalty to NATO. West Germans might feel that, without any Russians in the act, they could get along with and even prevail over East German Communists. But the contrary would be true: confederation would give the Soviet puppet government of East Germany a voice, however small, in the common affairs of Germany, and that voice would not long be reticent.

Direct Confrontation

Victims of Rapacki fever assume that the West should show itself ready to make painful sacrifices, as if a German settlement and some form of disengagement would actually "relieve tensions." But against the nebulous idea that a vacuum or a buffer contributes to peace, Britain's Selwyn Lloyd argued cogently last week: "It may well be that the world is a very much safer place if in critical areas there is a direct confrontation of the major parties and not an area of uncertainty."

On the West's side, the chief compulsion to abandon fixed positions comes from the fear that West Germans are restless over the West's unyielding Western stance. This amorphous feeling in Germany dominates the opposition Socialists and even penetrates the "flexibles" in Adenauer's own Cabinet. Awareness of this restlessness is behind the spreading conviction that the West must now show itself willing to talk, if under no compulsion to buy. Such talk should not hesitate to put forward legitimate Western positions simply because the Russians say they would reject them; pressure must work both ways. If Khrushchev is embarked on a haggling session rather than a probing operation, it is because he badly wants Western recognition of the status quo in East Germany and in Eastern Europe.

Berlin does not pay its own way (its exports were 82% of its imports in 1957) is that half the capital's income formerly came through banking, insurance and commercial headquarters now shifted to Frankfurt, Düsseldorf and Hamburg. Boeing Berlin still needs a \$360 million-a-year assist from "out there."

Flying to Berlin from "out there" at midweek, Chancellor Adenauer pledged still more budget aid and factory orders from the West. "If we do not become frightened," he told Socialist Mayor Willy Brandt and other rain-soaked welcomees at Tempelhof Airport, "we and our Western allies will master the situation." And then these two men, in accord on the big issues, went their separate politicking ways. Adenauer was careful to criticize West German Socialists like Ollenhauer,

beerhall, and addressed what Berliners call "feet-slipper" neighborhood meetings. Masterfully evoking the atmosphere of war's end and blockade, "when we hardly dared hope," the mayor got approving nods from women as he recalled how "mothers cheated themselves to give their husbands and children more to eat," ticked off post-blockade progress ("half a million new jobs, half a million Berliners in new apartments"), and briskly bade cloth-capped workers to stick with Berlin's friends in the West.

This week free Berlin cast its vote: for Mayor Brandt's Socialists, 52%; together with Adenauer's CDU, his coalition polled 80%. But, best news of all, the Communists got a measly 1.9%, even less than their vote before Nikita Khrushchev put Berlin once again to the test.

the projected control organization. At week's end the conference announced that it had reached agreement on a first article of an East-West treaty.

The U.S. and Britain have repeatedly said they will never sign a treaty unless it spells out in detail a foolproof control and inspection system to prevent violations of a test ban. But on second look, there were no control provisions in the article they had approved in Geneva. Pressed, a U.S. spokesman admitted that the delegates had agreed to split the article in two, the control provisions being left in the second article. The Soviets, he explained, had "essentially adopted our language." "We will now get to the control system," he added.

His normally grumpy face wreathed in smiles after the conference's formal endorsement of prohibitory nuclear tests, a line that the Russians have so long beat their propaganda drums for, Soviet Delegate Semyon Tsarapkin told reporters, "I am optimistic. We have adopted Article 1." And how soon would the conference adopt Article 2? "We shall see."

SPAIN

Franco's Jails

With a midnight knock at the door, Francisco Franco's security police struck in cities and towns. In San Sebastián and Madrid, Barcelona and Granada, hurriedly dressed men were hustled into squad cars and packed off to jail.

Franco's controlled press still had not told the Spanish people about the arrests last week; the news filtered through censorship from the anti-Franco underground. Among the group of at least 54 rounded up since mid-November were university professors and lawyers, students and skilled workers. Most were in their 30s. Some came from Spain's top families. The common "crime": all were socialists opposed to Francisco Franco's dictatorship.



U.S.'S JAMES WADSWORTH & U.S.S.R.'S SEMYON TSARAPKIN AT GENEVA
Half an agreement is not necessarily better than none.

but not Socialist Brandt. And Brandt did not bother to campaign against his Christian Democratic opponent, Ernst Lemmer, a member of Adenauer's Cabinet.

Instead Willy Brandt was speaking, to the point of hoarseness, to make sure that the Communists got less than their 2.7% of the last vote. The Communist Party is outlawed in the Federal Republic but free to run in quadripartite Berlin. The despised Communists campaigned with the slogan "A vote for the Communists is a vote for normalization" and "Vote against the occupation parties." At a claque-packed rally in West Berlin, white-manned Hermann Matern of the East German Politburo proclaimed that Western commercial planes have no right to fly over East Germany to West Berlin without his government's sovereign permission. "This situation must be brought in order," he blustered. Mayor Brandt sent his cops to protect the Communist rallies from irate West Berliners.

Evening after evening Willy Brandt motored from school to factory to

DISARMAMENT

Who's on First?

The cold war's issues fit together like a child's toy nest of boxes. Berlin, at the center, sits inside the larger German question, which sits inside the European security question, which sits inside the container that might enfold them all—disarmament. For the last month U.S., British and Soviet officials have been struggling with the biggest container of all at the Geneva conference on suspending nuclear tests.

Early last week U.S. newspapers blossomed with cheery stories that the Soviet Union had suddenly capitulated on the big point the U.S. and Britain had been demanding from the outset, had agreed that any ban on nuclear testing must be linked to a control system. As Western spokesmen passed word that "the more realistic" approach of the Soviets had brought the conference closer to success, U.S. Delegate James T. Wadsworth tabled a draft first article "inseparably" linking the ban with

FRANCE

The Page of Progress

As Frenchmen last week examined the results of their two-week electoral spree, they seemed to have the slightly dismayed air of a finger painter surveying his own handiwork. They knew what they were voting against (the old gang), but were now surprised by what they had voted for. Even Charles de Gaulle himself had not wanted the kind of right-wing majority he got. He had insisted on a single-constituency method of voting that was presumed to favor familiar names (principally the Socialists and Radicals) over a grab bag of unknowns styling themselves Gaullists, some of them able, many not.

With the results in, there was much clucking about the underrepresentation in the new Assembly of the Communists (ten seats) compared with the 188 for the new Gaullist Union for the New Republic, when both parties in the first round polled about the same number of votes. Yet the Communists (who in the old days gained unfairly through proportional representa-

tion) had in fact suffered a drop of more than 1,500,000 votes—possibly the most important manifestation of the election.

But the change in electoral methods was just as devastating to the Roman Catholic center and to the Socialists, both of whom held their old voting strength yet lost heavily in seats. Socialist Guy Mollet, who helped bring De Gaulle to power and hoped to become Premier, now grumpily said that his Socialists would vote for De Gaulle as President and then go into opposition. The big factor in French politics was now Jacques Soustelle's U.N.R. The results:

	Old Seats	New Seats	% of Vote
	1st Round	1st Round	
Communists & allies	145	10	18.9
Socialists & assorted left	88	42	15.5
Radicals	56	13	4.8
Left Center	18	22	6.7
Catholic M.R.P.	71	57	11.6
Right-Wing Ind. (Pinay)	94	132	19.9
Extreme Right (Poujadists)	52	1	3.3
U.N.R. & others	16	188	17.6

On paper, the U.N.R.—in affiliation with Pinay's conservatives and 71 right-wingers elected in North Africa—will form a right-wing Assembly with a passion for seeing that Algeria remains French. Premier Charles de Gaulle, who was above the battle while the elections were fought out, stayed above it when the results were in.

Off to Algeria. After a four-hour Cabinet conference last week, he enplaned for Algeria, his fifth visit to the war-torn territory since taking office. Before leaving, he created the post of Inspector General of National Defense as a niche into which General Raoul Salan, the Algerian commander in chief, could be gracefully moved. Salan's position of power will be diluted into a two-man job. The civilian functions will go to a brilliant civil servant, Paul Delouvrier, 44, the financial head of the European Coal and Steel Community, who recently completed a fact-finding tour of Algeria for De Gaulle.

The military in Algeria will be taken over by General Maurice Challe, 53, a fiery patriot after De Gaulle's own heart. After the French collapse in World War II, Airman Challe distinguished himself in the resistance by personally leading and executing "most delicate and dangerous" missions. He is credited with having obtained for the Eisenhower headquarters before D-day the order of battle of the German *Luftwaffe*, the placement of flak installations and of the main dispositions of the German army. Characterized as a man "who always happily chooses the most perilous posts," General Challe is a dedicated Gaullist.

Cheering Bedouins. Landing at Constantine airport with Delouvrier unobtrusively at his side, De Gaulle stressed the civilian aspects of his Algerian visit. He gave General Salan only a perfunctory handshake, but hopped enthusiastically with steel experts in Bône, oilmen in the Sahara, land-reclamation officers in the Moslem villages. At Touggourt, an oasis in the desert, De Gaulle told 15,000



AGIP—Black Star

GENERAL MAURICE CHALLE
With the kind of mission he likes.

Bedouins that he hoped "the laggards still concerned with civil war may finally realize that the page of combat has been turned. Now it is the page of progress, civilization and the brotherhood of man."

At week's end Premier de Gaulle flew back to France, where his election as President of the Fifth Republic on Dec. 21 became only a formality when his respected friend, 76-year-old President René Coty, announced that he would not run.

AFRICA

The Open Race

"Every African," said Ghana's Minister of Information, "loves unity," and on the surface at least, the events of the week seemed to bear him out. In Cairo, President Nasser dramatically staged a "Qui Africa Day," aimed at what was described as the common enemy of both Arabs and blacks—the Western "imperialists," those "murderers" and "bloodsuckers." In Accra, Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah began welcoming hundreds of delegates to a giant All Africa People's Conference, which was ostensibly organized as one more step toward the creation of "an ultimate commonwealth of free, independent United States of Africa."

As they looked over Nkrumah's guest list, some London officials dubbed the affair "a conference of conspirators," and the Paris press was openly gloomy about the future of France's former territories, two more of which—the rich Ivory Coast and little Dahomey—last week chose autonomy within the French community. Said *Le Figaro* solemnly: "A grim race is joined between the French-African community and the countries who swirl in the orbit of positive neutralism."

Once before, Prime Minister Nkrumah had rushed to the center of the African stage by calling a conference of independent states to proclaim the new "African

personality" (TIME, April 28). This time the delegates were not government officials to be whisked about in air-conditioned limousines, but representatives of trade unions, political parties, agricultural and youth groups. The whole idea was the brainchild of Nkrumah's "adviser on African affairs," George Padmore, a 55-year-old, Trinidad-born and U.S.-educated (Howard and Fisk) Negro who in his far travels has frequently fellow-traveled. "People of Africa, unite!" said his manifesto. "You have nothing to lose but your chains!"

But those who came to Accra were for the most part not angry, chained men but hardheaded realists, some of whom, now that their countries are becoming independent, can no longer live simply by indicting imperialism. They were getting an opportunity for the first time to meet other black nationalists from all over the continent, to size them up, to swap ideas, to get a psychological boost from the feeling that others were with them. For all the fiery phrases about "solidarity and fraternity" and for all the placards reading, "Forward to Independence Now!" this was no gathering of obedient line followers. They accepted as conference chairman Kenya's flashy young (28) Nationalist Tom Mboya—a good choice, everyone agreed, though many delegates bristled at the way Nkrumah railroaded his selection. The race for Africa's future, of which *Le Figaro* spoke, was still very much an open one.

Beware the New Colonialism. Even among the leaders of France's former territories, there are vast differences about where they should be heading. The eccentric Abbé Fulbert Youlou, Premier of the new Republic of Congo (see below) is not a man to want to join a federation that may cut down his own power within his present preserve. The abbé's more statesmanlike neighbor to the north, Strongman Barthélémy Boganda, of the former French territory of Ubangi-Shari—now grandly called the Central African Republic—feels that in the fragmentation of French Equatorial African states, the young republics might fall victim to a "new colonialism."

A natty and witty little former parish priest who was unfrocked for marrying a Frenchwoman, Boganda wants a federation, not only of French Equatorial territory, but also of Belgian and Portuguese colonies in the area. They are ambitious men, these new Premiers. But by their decision to stay in the French community, eleven of the twelve new states in French Africa (Guinea is the exception) have agreed to let France continue to control their foreign policy, defense and finance.

Beware the Limitation. The new French African leaders seem far from ready to forfeit their ties with France to answer the siren call either of Cairo, Moscow, or Accra. And though Nkrumah and Nasser make friendly noises, these two

* Not to be confused, though it inevitably will be, with Britain's Central African Federation, made up of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland.



STRONGMAN BOGANDA & WIFE
No longer a priest.

ambitious strongmen are plainly trying to outbid each other. Nasser's "Quit Africa Day" turned out to be something of a flop in Cairo. In Accra, his delegation, though finally reduced from 30 to eleven, was out to grab as much of the spotlight from Nkrumah as it could.

As Nkrumah's conference got under way, he found his African guests neatly divided. Those from the newly independent and largely black territories of West Africa were for a more moderate program—keyed to their need for foreign capital and advice—than those, like Kenya's Mboya, who back home are still fighting their colonial masters. The militant group objected to Nkrumah's cry for a Gandhi-style "nonviolent revolution" in Africa. They were joined by the Egyptians and the Algerians who want no such peaceful limits set on their future actions.

REPUBLIC OF CONGO The Unorthodox Abbé

More than 5,000 cheering blacks, in headgear ranging from French army kepis to straw boaters and Davy Crockett caps, were at the Brazzaville airport to meet him, and even his wizened old mother, after performing a little weaving dance in his honor, fell on her knees before him. As he drove through the streets in his blue-grey Pontiac, his excited fans followed in trucks and jeeps, shooting into the air and shouting, "Oélé! Oélé! The Abbé has won!" The Abbé—Brazzaville's round, smiling Mayor Fulbert Youlou, 41—had just returned from the French Middle Congo's capital city of Pointe-Noire. There the Assembly had turned the territory into an autonomous republic within the French community and named Abbé Youlou its new Premier.

But while Brazzaville rejoiced last week,

Paris received the news with something of a shudder. Everywhere else, the transfer of power had gone without a hitch. In the Republic of Congo, it cost the lives of at least eight people, and trouble was not yet over.

L'Homme et L'Hommerie. Raised by Roman Catholic missionaries in Mindouli, 100 miles west of Brazzaville, Youlou started his career as a simple parish priest. But he had always had a penchant for politics. Over the protests of his archbishop, he decided to run for the French National Assembly. He was forbidden by his archbishop to say Mass, though he still wears black or white cassocks, topped by a Homburg. He lost the election, but while his opponent went off to Paris, the Abbé's admirers refused to believe that he had lost, and took their problems to him as if he were their actual Deputy. In 1956 Youlou was elected mayor of Brazzaville (pop. 120,000) in a landslide. By the time Charles de Gaulle visited Brazzaville last summer, the Abbé was able to greet the general three different times in reception lines, by appearing in his three different capacities—as mayor, assemblyman and Minister of Agriculture.

A cagey politician who is given to spouting fractured French ("Là où il y a de l'homme, il y a de l'hommerie"), and making resounding promises ("The thirst for a better state itches us"), the Abbé likes to foretell "tomorrows that sing."

Come Over, Come Over. What keeps the Abbé's todays from singing is the fact that upriver he has a political challenger named Jacques Opangault. The Abbé took care of him in great style. The Abbé has a 23 to 22 majority in the territorial Assembly, but the capital city of Pointe-Noire is in the hands of M'vili tribesmen friendly to his rival. When the Assembly gathered to choose the territory's future status, the Abbé's rivals began throwing chairs about and smashing windows. Opangault himself whacked the Speaker over the head with a microphone. Police cleared out the leaders with tear gas, and the Assembly dutifully settled down to vote for autonomy. Then the Abbé introduced a resolution postponing elections until 1962. Opangault's socialists stomped out in protest, and after they were gone the Abbé was elected Premier.

But he was still in enemy territory. The Abbé's majority therefore voted to transfer the seat of government to Brazzaville, and the Abbé ordered up a special train to transport all his parliamentarians, their wives, their children and baggage that very night. Getting wind of the Abbé's plans, Opangault called out stationmasters along the route, most often M'vili tribesmen, to stop the train at all costs. Invoking his new powers as Premier, the Abbé ordered a motor-driven handcar, loaded with armed guards, to clear a path for the two-car diesel train along the 300-mile mountainous jungle route. The special train got through, and the triumphant Abbé called a press conference in Brazzaville to tell about his future intentions.

By styling his new nation the Republic of Congo, was he casting covetous eyes on

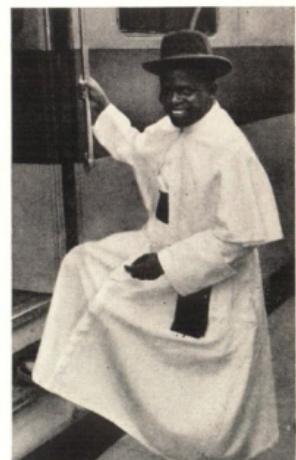
the Belgian Congo across the river? The ambitious abbé blandly replied: "Wisdom draws its sap from philosophy. It is evident that the Congo is an entity. It is also evident that our peoples must reunite."

CENTRAL AFRICA A Better Mousetrap

The Batonga tribe, some 50,000 strong, has survived for more than 500 years on the banks of the Zambezi where it flows through the steaming, fertile Gwembe Valley between Southern and Northern Rhodesia. Nature has guarded them, for their valley lies between the foaming splendor of the 350-ft.-high Victoria Falls, over whose sheer cliff pours 75 million gallons of water per minute, and a narrow, rock-walled gorge called the Kariba by the tribesmen because of its resemblance to the funnel-shaped traps they set for mice, rats and other small animals.

Quilled Noses. The centuries have been mostly peaceful ones for the Batonga. They plant and reap two crops a year. The great tribal wars to the southeast between the Mashona and the fierce Matabele were only a distant rumbling. To frustrate Arab slave raiders, the Batonga took a typical way out: their women were ordered to knock out their four upper incisors and insert porcupine quills and twigs through holes bored in their noses. Object: to lessen their attractiveness and, therefore, their value in the slave marts. When the white men arrived and broke the power of the Matabele with guns and treaties, the Batonga submitted quietly and kept on as before.

But in 1955 the turbulent present caught up with the age-old ways of the Batonga. In Salisbury, the decision was made to build a dam across the Kariba gorge to get the power needed for heavy



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PREMIER YOULOU
No more Masses.

Is the luxury of its flavor worth the extra cost?

(She'll know...and so will you the moment you taste it)



People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little.



Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
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Here's a Cream of Potato Soup (an elegant Vichyssoise, too) for people who have a real feeling for food—who think nothing of driving miles out of their way to try a new restaurant.

To make it, Campbell's simmers the potatoes long and slow in fresh milk and real butter. Meanwhile, just the proper touch of

onion and other seasonings bubble all through it. Then Campbell's rushes the soup to the freezer to lock in all its delicate flavor.

Before Campbell's began putting it in your grocer's freezer, such a superb Cream of Potato Soup could seldom be found. Now (at only about 7¢ a serving) you needn't deprive yourself.

CREAM of POTATO SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

industry and the copper mines. The dam would turn the Gwembe Valley into the world's largest man-made lake, storing 130 million acre-ft. of water—more than the combined capacity of the Shasta, Hoover and Grand Coulee dams in the American West. Soon the Kariba gorge, which had been inhabited only by crocodiles, hippos and an occasional Batonga hunter, echoed to the roar of earth-moving equipment.

Upland Air. The government had not forgotten the docile Batonga. Official spokesmen appeared, told the tribesmen they were to be moved to more fertile land. The officials conceded that parts of the new area were infested with lions, elephants and the tsetse fly, but they were sure the Batonga would find the upland air bracing after centuries of breathing the swampy vapors of the Gwembe Valley.

The bewildered Batonga were further unsettled by the arrival of zoot-suited agitators from the African National Congress who told them the government scheme was merely a plot to steal their ancestral land. When the dam began rising in the gorge, the agitators took a different tack, began selling magic tickets to the villagers that guaranteed that the "white man's wall" would be overthrown by the most potent god in Batonga mythology: the mighty Snake of the Zambezi, whose whiskers are the spray of Victoria Falls and whose tail stretches 250 miles to the Kariba gorge.

Queen's Words. When the police arrived to evict the Batonga, some diehard villagers would not move. Said a government official: "I told them that the words I was saying were the Queen's words and asked them if they would refuse the Queen's words. They said they did refuse the Queen's words." And with that unexpected defiance, the long docile Batonga erupted in a brief spasm of fury. Some 500 young tribesmen, armed with spears and pointed sticks, charged the police, were promptly scattered by a volley of gunfire which killed eight and wounded 22.

The engineers of the Italian contractors last week plugged the last gap on the upstream side of the Kariba dam with 20,000 tons of rock and gravel. For the first time in history, the mighty Zambezi River was stopped dead in its tracks and the backed-up water rose slowly over islands, mud flats and deserted native villages. As for the evicted Batonga, they were safely huddled in their new upland homes, shivering in the unaccustomed chill and listening to the roar of lions and the buzz of the tsetse fly. The great Snake of the Zambezi had clearly failed them.

GREAT BRITAIN

Painful Memories

Britain's intelligence agencies have long been regarded as the world's best. Despite slip-ups in World War II—as when a German agent served as valet to the British Ambassador to Turkey, and the distressing affair in The Netherlands when, for 20 months, the Nazis fed fake radio messages to London and captured 54 British agents—the British scored coups that

helped make good the boast that Allied intelligence had won "the underground war" as well as the fighting war.

But in London last week, two new books had Parliament, press and public wondering just how good British intelligence really was. Both dealt with the French Section of Special Operations Executive, which was responsible for dropping agents and weapons to the French resistance. In *Death Be Not Proud*,⁶ Author Elizabeth Nicholas considers the fate of seven brave young women agents of the S.O.E. Four of them—Diana Rowden, Vera Leigh, Sonya Olschanesky, Andrée Borrel—were thrust into the Nazi crematorium at Natzweiler and burned alive. The other three also died in a concentration camp, if not quite as horribly.

The Radio Game. All, claims Author Nicholas, were victims of the "radio game": *Abwehr*, the German counter-

Movements Officer of S.O.E., passed pertinent documents to the Gestapo headquarters before sending them by courier to London. In return, Gilbert obtained a German promise never to shoot down or capture any aircraft landing at fields he controlled. Gilbert was later brought to London "under suspicion" but was cleared by a French court in 1948.

The Mysterious Gilbert. In London, Colonel Maurice Buckmaster, 56, former chief of the French Section (and now head publicity man for British Ford) insisted that "the allegations are thoroughly untrue," even though nearly one-third of his agents were captured by the Nazis, and most of them killed. Tracked down in France by Author Fuller, the mysterious Gilbert denied he had ever been a German agent, although admitting he had contacts with the Nazis. Gilbert hinted that, actually, he had also been working for another British cloak-and-dagger outfit and that the "radio game" was continued even when London knew the Germans were running it, because it was important to "keep the Germans occupied, to distract their attention."

The thought that the seven girl agents, and a hundred others, might simply have been decoys handed over to certain death in order to mask other intelligence activities was an unpalatable one for many Britons. Gilbert had advised Author Fuller not to "put your nose into this stinking business" because "spying is not a business for angels." Most Britons preferred to remember the words spoken in St. Paul's Church in Knightsbridge in 1948 when a memorial to the memory of war heroines was unveiled: ". . . For God proved them, and found them worthy for himself. As gold in the furnace, hath he tried them."

MOROCCO

The King's Rain

Like many another newborn nation, the Kingdom of Morocco has sadly discovered that independence provides a brief, heady celebration but cures no chronic ailments. Two years after Morocco gained its freedom, its economic and political problems have piled so high that King Mohammed V was prompted only last month to remind his people: "It is not going to rain gold and silver. The seeds of independence will not yield their fruit in a day. Our sons and grandsons will pick them." Less poetically, the King confided to a friend: "The French never gave me half as much trouble as my own people."

Many of the eager young politicians of the ruling Istiqlal (Independence) Party view the King (and onetime Sultan) as an old-fashioned survival. Fighting tribesmen in the Rif mountains, in turn, view the Istiqlal with suspicion as "Frenchified city slickers." Inside the Istiqlal itself, a vocal left-of-center minority demands a neutralist foreign policy and denounces "palace politics."

Fortnight ago, in a crisis brought on by the leftists, conservative Premier Ahmed Balafrej and his government resigned. Harassed King Mohammed promptly

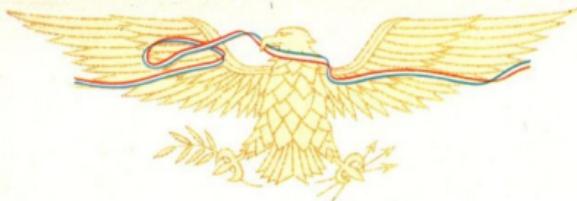


Crescent Press
AGENT DIANA ROWDEN
Burned alive as a decoy?

intelligence, when it had captured an agent and his set, often kept right on sending messages to London, using captured codes, and arranging for air drops of agents and supplies. London's S.O.E. security seemed incredibly lax. Agents had been taught to misspell words in predetermined sections of each message. Once, when the *Abwehr* sent a fake message through without the misspellings, London merely chided: "You forgot your double security check. Be more careful."

In *Double Webs*, Author Jean Overton Fuller charges that S.O.E. was totally fooled by a French-born double agent code-named "Gilbert," who was better known to the Germans as agent "BOE 48" (the 48th agent of Karl Boemelburg, a Gestapo chief in Paris). It is Author Fuller's contention that Gilbert, as Air

⁶ A phrase of John Donne's, also used as a title by John (Inside Russia Today) Gunther for the 1949 account of the illness and death of his 17-year-old son from cancer.



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IMPERIAL
DECREE



...heads will turn

Until more people are able to control their curiosity and admiration, heads will turn to follow your Imperial out of sight. When you park, people will gather . . . to peer through windows.

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Adjust yourself to the silent comfort of Imperial's Royal Coach Body . . . cushioned from stress by refinements in our time-tested torsion bar suspension.

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Your Imperial dealer has one of these excellent cars for you to inspect. Drive it . . . as his guest.

Watch the heads turn.

The 1959

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turned to the one man who seemed to have the authority to halt the bickering inside the Istiqlal; he asked Allal el Fassi, 48, the party's political leader, to become Premier. El Fassi is both a religious mystic and a rabble-rousing extreme nationalist who has led the agitation for a "Greater Morocco," to include large hunks of the French Sahara. He proposed too many leftist Cabinet ministers to suit the King. Last week the King saw little choice but to run the country himself, with a group of "technicians" as ministers.

Under pressure from the politicians, the King has joined in demands for the total and unconditional withdrawal of U.S. and French forces from Morocco. But he is disturbed that "my policies are now being made by extremists," and hesitates to take over as Morocco's strongman to restore peace in his troubled land. If Mohammed V does—former Vice Premier Abderrahim Bouabid warned darkly—"he will not be above criticism."

MALAYA

Bank Closing

"Shut the door, they're coming through the window; shut the window, they're coming through the door; oh, gee, now they're coming through the floor!" This children's jingle could be the theme song for Malaya's long struggle against Communist penetration. Prime Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman, by means of amnesties, bribes and force of arms, has cleared the jungle of the guerrilla bands of Red Boss Chin Peng. By sternly refusing recognition to Red China, he has kept Malaya free of Mao Tse-tung's swarming diplomatic and cultural missions. Last week the Prime Minister slammed shut the last window that permitted Red infiltration: the Communist Bank of China in its capital city of Kuala Lumpur.

The sixth largest bank in Malaya, with capital estimated at \$20 million, Bank of China handles about one-third of all Malayan transactions with the Red mainland. It has played its part in boosting overall trade between the two countries to a whopping \$152 million, of which \$100 million represents a favorable balance for the Communists. Bank of China also engages in such un-banker activities as the financing of trips of Malayan students and businessmen to China, the charging of minimal interest for unsecured loans to favored individuals, and the relaying home of economic, political and military information.

To free his government of the strangled Red embrace, Prime Minister Rahman first declared a boycott of Chinese textiles, cement and chemicals, which have been flooding the Malayan market at below-cost prices. Last week he rammed through the Legislative Council a bill decreeing that any bank operating in Malaya that is owned by a foreign government or on behalf of that government or any of its agencies, must cease operation within three months. Of Kuala Lumpur's 15 banks—British as well as Malayan—the only one to answer to all the specifications is the Communist Bank of China.

JAPAN

The Big Hello

On his bury-the-hatchet tour of Southeast Asia last year, Japan's Premier Nobusuke Kishi found the Filipinos least ready of all of Tokyo's World War II victims to forgive and forget. Only a military guard greeted him at Manila airport, and the Philippine public turned a cold shoulder. The stiffly formal meetings with Filipino officials were chilled by arguments over Japan's reparations payments (\$550 million promised) to the Philippines. Last week, on the first anniversary of Kishi's icy reception in Manila, the Philippines' President Carlos Garcia went to Tokyo. Hoping that flattery would get them somewhere, the Japanese welcomed the former guerrilla leader, on whose head they had

been barred by Japanese protocol from attending). Amiable Old Pol Garcia soon had the shy Emperor beaming on him.

Addressing a joint session of the Japanese Diet, something no foreigner had ever done, Garcia noted that Japan and the Philippines, "two of the countries in the Far East that have come under the beneficial influence of democracy," were caught by geography and defense strategy "in a portentous drama of titanic proportions." He was cheered mightily.

Touring the Japanese countryside, Garcia heard the cheers of dock workers, the praise of industrialists, even saw one of Japan's on-the-dot express trains brought to a halt so that his entourage could pass. "My God," remarked one Garcia aide, "the treatment we are getting! Here we are kings. In the United States [last June] we were beggars."

Legacy of Suspicion. At Osaka, Garcia delivered his message to Japanese merchants: "Among Japan's underdeveloped neighbors, the wounds of battle have not been completely healed. We know the most effective way to wipe out the legacy of suspicion and hostility is for Japan to extend them credits."

When he boarded his Viscount for home, Garcia had the promise of \$48.8 million in loans from Japan to help him build the Marikina Dam, buy machinery and to expand the Philippine telephone system. He tactfully made no mention of another part of the Japanese reparations: a \$2,500,000 yacht now being built in Tokyo for the exclusive use of the President of the Philippines himself.

TURKEY

Exit Laughter

First Comedian: I feel so terrible, I think I'll jump into the Bosphorus.

Second Comedian: Buck up. Go home, have a drink of raki, eat some good white cheese and meat, put plenty of butter on your bread, relax, have a good cigarette and give thanks for a roof over your head. Tomorrow you'll feel fine.

First Comedian: But that's just the trouble. It's thinking about high rent, the rising prices of cheese, meat, butter, raki and cigarettes that makes me want to jump into the Bosphorus.

Such jokes did not have to be very funny to evoke bitter laughter from Turks in Istanbul last week. The government monopoly had just raised its prices on state-produced cigarettes, liquor, matches and tea. Premier Adnan Menderes, who cannot take it when newspapers dish it out, was also proving thin-skinned about satiric songs and nightclub jokes.

Last week, on orders from his superiors, Istanbul's police boss summoned the city's top comedians, songwriters, cabaret and theater owners into his office to lay down the law. Citing a police regulation forbidding public utterances "prejudicial to public morale and to the security and policy of the government," the director announced that any theater or nightclub that permits jokes about the high cost of Menderes would be closed for three months.



Mainichi Shimbum
GARCIA & WIFE IN TOKYO
From beggars to kings.

once placed a price of \$50,000, like a long-lost brother.

Emperor Hirohito and other members of the royal family greeted Garcia, his wife and party of 22 on a red carpet at Tokyo airport, to the thunder of a 21-gun salute. For the next five days the Garcias, who like to live well both at home and abroad, were treated like royalty. Stung by criticism of her taste for jewelry and the corruption in her husband's regime (TIME, April 21), Mrs. Garcia wore her jewels only twice.

Titanic Proportions. A gold-crusted coach drawn by six bays hauled the Garcias in style to the Imperial Palace. At a lavish banquet, court musicians played those old Japanese airs, Haydn's 17th Symphony and selections from *The Barber of Seville*, and gifts were exchanged all around (including a stole and purse for Crown Prince Akihito's bride-to-be, who



WESTERN ELECTRIC AND



BIG HELP FROM SMALL BUSINESS. H. P. Bitzer (right), Executive Vice-President of American Coil Spring Company, Muskegon Mich., and Western Electric's Art Betz discuss Western Electric order for spring used in dial of Bell telephones we make (see inset). Over 90% of Western Electric suppliers are "small businesses" like American Coil Spring . . . having fewer than 500 employees.

ITS 37,000 PARTNERS

Like any large business with a big job to do, Western Electric depends on the help of many other businesses—mostly small. From Maine to California thousands of companies help us provide things needed for Bell telephone service, and national defense. In return, these "partners" received well over a billion dollars last year . . . benefiting communities by supporting jobs and paying taxes.

Last year about 37,000 companies employing some five million people helped Western Electric with its job as manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

This supplier "team" works in 3,165 cities and towns in every state across the nation. It includes giant, blue-chip corporations and three-man operations; but more than 90% of the companies were "small businesses" with fewer than 500 employees.

Whatever their size, Western Electric counts heavily on their specialized help. From some firms came raw materials and parts for our factories . . . from others, finished products we buy for ourselves or the Bell telephone companies. Some provided special services like transportation . . . some helped with our defense work.

Western Electric dollars paid out to these firms—\$1,224,-000,000 in 1957—met payrolls and paid taxes in thousands of communities. Besides, many of our suppliers gained new know-how from expert W.E. technical advice.

One of the facts of business life here in America is the interdependence of large and small companies. It gets the big jobs done . . . and spreads prosperity the length and breadth of the nation.

Western Electric



MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY

UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



BIG HAUL. Last year Western Electric's transportation bill totalled 65 million dollars. Among the more than 4,000 carriers which showed in this sum was Scott Bros., a trucking company operating in the Philadelphia area. Western Electric business supported jobs for many trainmen, seamen and freight-handlers—as well as truckers—during the past year.



WIRE IN THE RAW. Part of this mountain of copper bar is destined to be drawn into telephone wire for cables in Western Electric factories. As one of the world's largest users, Western contributes substantially to the economy of such copper mining states as Utah, Arizona, Nevada and Montana.



BOOK-PRINTER. William C. Clegg, head of the Clegg Company of San Antonio, Texas—is one of 67 printers who prepare some 2,600 different telephone directories for the Bell Telephone System. The telephone "book" is just one of thousands of items we purchase for the Bell telephone operating companies.



TALKING TREES. For over 18 years Fernwood Industries of Fernwood, Miss., has helped Western Electric supply telephone poles to the Bell telephone operating companies. Here, Fernwood's L. E. Ramsay and E. C. King complete the final inspecting and scheduling of an outgoing shipment of poles.



NIKE BUILDER. Ralph DiCicco works at the Whiting & Davis Co. of Plainville, Mass. He helps make important electronic components used in the NIKE guided missile system. Whiting & Davis is one of many companies which help prime contractor, Western Electric, build NIKE systems for the Army.

THE HEMISPHERE

URUGUAY

Upset in Utopia

The well-fed voters of little Uruguay (pop. 2.7 million) last week threw out the pro-labor, welfare-statist Colorado Party that has ruled the country without interruption for 93 long years. Into power, by a vote of 414,000 to 325,000, went the rightist Nationals.

As news of the upset spread in Montevideo, a delirious mob, waving handkerchiefs and banners of white, the National Party's color, rallied round a ramshackle old mansion, pushed through moldering ground-floor rooms littered with photographs of Uruguayan heroes and of Mussolini, surrounded a brass bed where an emaciated old man lay, his revolver and Gaucho knife handy on the night table. "Patriarch," cried a leader, "we bring you victory!" Luis Alberto de Herrera, 85, the cantankerous spellbinder chief of the Nationals, bounced out of bed and spun about in a round of backslapping.

Gaucho Socialism. The issue that brought the Nationals to power over the Colorados was the one that had for so long kept the Colorados in power: the welfare state. Conceived by Colorado Leader José Batlle y Ordóñez, twice Uruguay's President (1903-07; 1911-15), Gaucho socialism at first transformed cattle- and sheep-growing Uruguay into a Latin American Utopia. Uruguayans into devoted followers of the Colorados. They got pensions (usually starting at 50) and the eight-hour day 20 years before the U.S. did. They got a vast network of government industries: insurance, rum, cement, petroleum refining and distribution, electricity. They got paid leave for expectant working mothers, state-paid funerals. They paid no income taxes; intricate exchange rates, in effect export duties on wool and beef, met the bills.

Under Luis Batlle Berres, 61 (Batlle y Ordóñez' nephew), Uruguayans in the past eleven years got the real bill for Utopia. The state ballooned into an octopus, employed a fifth of the nation's force, with offices staffed so heavily that bureaucrats had to come early to get seats.

Outpriced in the competitive world market by the duties, Uruguay's exports last year dropped 39%. Gold and foreign-exchange reserves fell \$40 million to \$148 million, and this year the once rock-solid peso followed, slipped from 4.7 to the dollar to 11.8. Prices rose; pensions bought less and less. Cried the Nationals, as the nation went to the polls: "Vote for us, or things will stay as they are!"

Farm Revolt. But the upset was also a rebuke by farmers and ranchers—who paid welfarism's costs—to the citified beneficiaries in Montevideo (pop. 900,000). The leader of the farm revolt was Benito Nardone, 52, a radio personality with a big rural following. Years ago, Montevideo-born Nardone, stevedore, union organizer, newsman and backlands traveling



Alfredo Testoni

WINNER HERRERA
After a long road . . .

salesman, sat in Congress as a Colorado. He quit in disgust when told to confine himself to drawing his pay and keeping his mouth shut. Taking to the air in 1942, gossipy Benito Nardone set out to woo the farmers, got their rapt attention by giving weather and crop information, advising farm workers to organize, "so you will not be cheated by city cutthroats and moneylenders." He organized 250 chapters of a Rural Federation, soon claimed 120,000 votes, and when this year's campaign began, he toured the backlands, drew big crowds for the Nationals.



Alfredo Testoni

WINNER NARDONE
. . . a turn to the right.

Said he last week: "We will roll up our sleeves and do a damned good job." The peso promptly firmed to 9.2 to the dollar. One of the Nationals elected to Uruguay's nine-man ruling National Council of Government, Nardone will get his chance to serve as its chairman, which is equivalent to being President. But doughty old Luis Alberto de Herrera, after spending all his life trying to win the government for the Nationals, will not preside over the government. As one of the three minority members of the current council ruling Uruguay in place of a President, he could not run for re-election.

COLOMBIA

Dictator's Cruise

From San Andrés in mountainous Huila Department came bloody news: a band of Conservative partisans had swept through town and, in the pattern of Colombia's decade-long, interparty war, massacred 38 men, women and children, mostly from Liberal families. Then, in Bogotá, citizens spotted black-suited gunslingers drifting into town.

Colombia security police soon sniffed out the timetables of the plot: in three days, right-wing fanatics and cashiered army officers would rise throughout the country. In Bogotá, 2,000 rebels, divided into "death brigades," would shoot up both chambers of Congress and assassinate government leaders, hoping to topple the Conservative-Liberal coalition regime and restore to power former Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, who was ousted 18 months ago.

President Alberto Lleras Camargo called a state of siege and sent 15 armored cars and halftracks to ring the house where ex-Dictator Rojas has been living since he was allowed home from exile two months ago. The troops hauled Rojas out, flew him to the coast, put him aboard the frigate *Capitán Tono* for a Caribbean cruise of indefinite duration.

CANADA

Gold on Margin

The voluptuous feeling—illicit in the U.S., agreeable anywhere—that comes from possessing a bar of gold is now available to anyone for a down payment of \$34.

Canadian law since 1956 has permitted the private purchase of gold bullion, and some banks have developed a modest sideline in the purchase, sale and storage of gold bars for clients. Last week the Toronto firm of Doherty Roadhouse & Co. advertised a fresh wrinkle: margin buying. Within an hour after Partner John Rogers bought the books on the new scheme, \$140,000 in orders snowed down on his desk; inquiries crackled in by the hundreds from the U.S.

Doherty Roadhouse tailored its service to the varying requirements of its potential customers. A kilogram (32 troy oz.)



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bar of Canadian gold approximately the size and shape of a 10¢ chocolate bar sold for \$1,126 (at the Toronto price of \$35.20 an ounce). For the Rolls-Royce trade, the large-size bar (400 oz.) cost \$14,080.

The chance to own gold bars holds an appeal for both ultracautious and speculative buyers. Investors willing to pay cash, forgo dividends and interest, and accept the hazard of a gradual decline in the buying power of their money, can get high safety and liquidity. Speculators can buy a 1-kilo bar for as little as \$34 margin plus \$63 a year on the unpaid balance, stand to turn a handsome profit if the price of gold should rise. In effect, they bet that the U.S. Treasury, which has been able to corner more than half of the free world's gold supply with its standing offer of \$35 an ounce, will not peg the world price of gold indefinitely at the level it set in 1934.

MEXICO

Tried & True

By his first official act—choosing his Cabinet—Mexico's new President Adolfo López Mateos (TIME, Dec. 8) set a course for his administration. He put the accent on technical brilliance, shunned Yanqui-haters, seemed determined to stay on the middle road to booming development followed by his predecessor, Adolfo Ruiz Cortines.

Top names of the new Cabinet:

¶ Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, 46, Secretary of Government (Interior) and Chief of Cabinet. The shrewdly capable No. 3 man at Government under Ruiz Cortines, he was hoisted to the top by López Mateos.

¶ Manuel Tello, 59, Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Ruiz Cortines' able Ambassador to the U.S. for the past six years, he will probably be replaced in Washington by Antonio Carrillo Flores, 49, Finance Secretary under Ruiz Cortines and one of the best friends the U.S. has in Mexico.

¶ Raúl Salinas Lozano, 41, Secretary of Economy. A top economist and Ruiz Cortines' president of the National Commission on Investments, he has written a definitive study entitled *Possibilities of Foreign Capital Investments in Mexico*.

For one important post, López Mateos reached outside the Ruiz Cortines ranks: Pascual Gutiérrez Roldán, 55, replaced Antonio J. Bermúdez as director of the government oil company (Pemex). A conservative businessman who ran up handsome profits as director general of the country's largest steel producer, Altos Hornos, he will no doubt try to cut down waste and featherbedding at Pemex.

The new President handled his first problem—a strike-producing dispute between the government party's incumbent mayor and his never-say-die opponent in San Luis Potosí's mayoral election campaign—with forceful directness. He mobilized 3,000 troops, broke up demonstrations, restored order. This week the voters went to the polls through well-guarded streets right on schedule.

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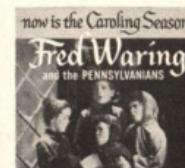
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PEOPLE

Saving her lungs for such important tasks as upper-register squelching of impresarios, Diva **Maria Callas** ordered no candles for her 35th birthday cake, instead plopped on the pastry one tiny light bulb, at the climacterical moment puckered up for a symbolic breath, simultaneously pressed a button that throttled the glow. Explained her dutiful husband, Industrialist Giovanni Meneghini: "She thinks it's more modern."

Becalmed between floors in a Chicago hotel elevator, New Jersey's Democratic Governor **Robert B. Meyner** displayed a true politician's talent for talking his way out of anything, tranquilized the panic-stricken operator with a soothing filibuster (25 minutes) until rescue time. "She'd never been faced with an emergency before, but after a few minutes she calmed down, and we just chatted until the power was resumed," explained Presidential Hopeful Meyner, adding carefully: "We did not discuss politics."

Stashing away one racket for another, rangy Negro Tennisstar **Althea Gibson** began work on her first Hollywood role: a slave who ladies Southern comfort to her mistress when the boys ride off in old pro Director John Ford's Civil Warm-up, *The Horse Soldiers*.

Setting a suggestively useful precedent for unhorsed Asian statesmen, ex-Premier **U Nu** of Burma, who recently turned over his governmental burdens to General Ne Win (TIME, Nov. 10), donned saffron

robes, humbly appeared with shaven head for his ordination as a Buddhist priest in Rangoon.

Professedly unaware that his proposition was out of place, Italian Tailor Angelo Litrico, who has occasionally fitted the well-padded form of Soviet Premier **Nikita Khrushchev**, offered President **Eisenhower** a vicuña coat (free, no strings), later decided, after he was told about Bostonian **Bernard Goldfine**, that the offer was still good. "It is not insulting in Italy to present a vicuña coat," explained Litrico. "In Italy it is a good material."

A gathering of jewelers and curiosity seekers crowded into a San Francisco salesroom, relentlessly bid down a 105-piece collection of gems (estimated value: \$250,000) to a paltry \$50,000. Previous owner of the baubles: the late **Frances Heenan** ("Peaches") Browning Willson, pudgy nymphet bride at 15 (in 1926) of odd-ball Moneyman **Edward West** ("Daddy") Browning, then 51, who six months after their splashy nuptials shed her animal-fancying Daddy in the decade's most untidy divorce.

Because of heavy medical bills during the last years of longtime Boston Pol **James Michael Curley**, his family announced, there was not enough left in the estate to carry out all his bequests of \$48,000.

Charging "extreme cruelty," Cinemactress **Debbie Reynolds** filed suit for divorce from Crooner **Eddie Fisher** after three years, two months of another Hollywood "ideal marriage," asked for "reasonable and substantial support and maintenance" and custody of the two little Fishers, Carrie, 2, and Todd, nine months. Hours later, Eddie shared champagne and caviar at a Beverly Hills bistro with the cause of it all, Cinemactress **Elizabeth Taylor** ("I'm alive") Todd.

After dousing a Thursday night Carnegie Hall audience with his own resonant version of what it all meant, New York Philharmonic Conductor **Leonard Bernstein** grandly invited Composer **Aaron Copland** on stage to say a word or two about the piece at hand: Copland's *Music for the Theatre*, written in 1925. Although the crowd giggled and gasped, Leonine Lenny batted not one dramatic eye as brisk, balding Composer Copland playfully pinched the Sousaphone-sized Bernstein ego: "When I wrote *Music for the Theatre*, Leonard Bernstein was seven years old. I tell you this because as you listen to him conducting it, you may think he had a hand in writing it. He didn't. The notes are mine."

Paying token attention to nationwide outraged howls that Elder Statesman Sir Winston Churchill had been immortal-



SCULPTOR MCFALL & STATUE
Anyone you know?

ized as a baggy, bullet-headed gorilla, a sponsoring committee from Churchill's constituency of Woodford agreed to accept a controversial new \$14,000 statue of their Member hewed by Sculptor David McFall. Defending his \$3-ft., two-ton carving, McFall argued, "I have attempted to portray Sir Winston as a man of intellect. I wasn't making a Toby jug, you know." From the prickly, art-conscious subject, who hasn't seen it, came no rumble of discontent—yet.

Sixty years after Teller William Sydney Porter was judged for embezzling \$834,089 from an Austin bank, the Texas Heritage Foundation asked the President for a posthumous pardon. Not only was the evidence against him heavily circumstantial, argued Foundation President Paul Wakefield, but Porter, who wrote under the name **O. Henry**, had "paid his debt to society by serving his time [three years], and more than repaid society in his matchless contributions to American literature."

For \$2,225,000 cold cash, U.S. re-enactors settled a whopping \$5,550,000 unpaid income-tax claim against deeply upholstered Super Bookie **Frank Erickson**, who told a U.S. Senate Committee in 1950 that he'd a \$12.5 million a year business with an annual net of over \$100,000. The U.S. returned \$1,471,000 he had paid as evidence of good faith to keep penalties and interest from multiplying while his case was in court.

In Stockholm, King Gustaf VI Adolf and his Cabinet restored Swedish citizenship to Cinemactress **Ingrid Bergman**, who became an Italian national by her 1950 marriage to chubby, debt-attended Roberto Rossellini.



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MUSIC

The Oboe Brothers

Oboe playing, like bird watching and taffy pulling, is a passion that seems to run in families. The earliest famous oboe clan was that of Frenchman Jean Philidor, who played at the court of Louis XIV; after him, seven other Philidores put lip to reed. Today the reigning oboe family in the U.S. goes by the name of Gomberg: Harold, 42, is first oboist of the New York

slum with five other children, all but one of whom became musicians. "It was a question," says Ralph, "of who would get what room to practice in; being the youngest, I got the bathroom." While the other children were studying violin, cello and trumpet, Harold and Ralph took up the oboe, criticized each other's playing, wound up as scholarship students in Philadelphia's Curtis Institute. Both Harold and Ralph got their jobs with their present orchestras when they were 26.

Strong as a Bull. Because good oboe players are scarce and because the instrument is extremely difficult to play, first oboists are often the most highly paid men in the orchestra, sometimes even better paid than the concertmaster. Most oboists make their own reeds, the shape and size of which largely determine the instrument's tone. Harold Gomberg, who has made trips to Europe in search of cane of the proper hardness, grain and color, maintains a studio where he spends dozens of hours a week whittling reeds to size (he uses as many as three reeds in a concert). The trick in oboe playing is to pay out supplies of breath in small, even quantities. This, says Ralph Gomberg, is a task roughly as taxing as "a strong man trying to juggle eggs without crushing them." Brother Harold is even more pessimistic about the ill wind he blows so good. "You have to have the tenacity of a bull," he says, "and the sensitivity of Alice in Wonderland: you have to learn to live with frustration."

Busy Baritone

To help quiet his pre-performance jitters and tune up his musical perception, German Baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau packs his luggage with a few tested literary tranquilizers: some volumes of poetry, selected detective stories, classics such as *Crime and Punishment*. As he wound up his third U.S. tour last week on the West Coast, nobody thought to ask him whether he was stoking his emotional fires on Donne or Dostoevsky or Dashiell Hammett. What mattered was that he was in top vocal form, and that meant that he was giving his audiences the most moving performances of German lieder to be heard in the world today.

Concert-Tour Legend. At 33, Fischer-Dieskau has become a concert-tour legend in Europe and the U.S.; almost singlehanded, he has accounted for the post-war popularity of the German art song. On his U.S. tours, he has held audiences rapt through the whole of Schubert's song cycle *Die Winterreise* and through the complete Schumann *Dichterliebe*. He has reached an even wider public through his 40-odd LP recordings, including Hugo Wolf's 16 Songs, Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*, Brahms's *German Requiem*, albums of Mahler songs.

Fischer-Dieskau is also one of the most consistently popular opera singers in Germany; aided by an imposing 6-ft., 2-in. figure, he has shaped a number of moving

characterizations, e.g., Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, Sir John Falstaff, and the title role in Busoni's *Doktor Faustus*. Even more surprising than the scope of his success is the fact that he had no early singing experience: he took his first voice lesson when he was 16, had scarcely started to sing professionally when he was drafted into the German army. As an American prisoner of war, he made such a hit singing for his captors that he was one of the last prisoners released. Ten years ago the Berlin Municipal Opera hired him on the spot after only a brief audition. Today he is booked solid two years in advance, has turned down offers from the San Francisco Opera, Covent Garden, La Scala. He is one of the rare singers who can perform in lieder and in opera equally well. To Fischer-Dieskau, lieder are often vocally more of a challenge than opera. "In *Winterreise*," he says, "you have more than an hour of emotion without pause. But the role of Amfortas in *Parsifal* amounts to only 35 minutes of singing."

Spine-Tingling Blasts. There are showier, more opulent-sounding baritones than Fischer-Dieskau. But there are no singers about nowadays who use their voices with



RALPH & HAROLD GOMBERG
As soft as the Flute.

Philharmonic; Ralph, 37, is first oboist of the Boston Symphony. One night last week, at precisely the same hour, the Brothers Gomberg appeared before the men of their respective orchestras to perform as the featured soloists in two of the relatively few works specially written for the oboe.

Rich Without Readiness. Harold played Vivaldi's *Concerto in D Minor*; Ralph played Handel's *Concerto in G Minor*. To a casual listener endowed with the gift of being in two places at once it would have been impossible to distinguish between the brothers' styles (the Gombergs themselves sometimes cannot tell which one is playing a certain passage on an unidentified recording). Both play with the round, richly colored sound characteristic of all oboists who have studied with the Philadelphia Orchestra's famed, longtime Solo Oboist Marcel Tabuteau. Both give the oboe's warmly singing tone a fine quality of darkling brilliance, free of the readiness that afflicts many less gifted players. Both, when the occasion requires, can coax from the oboe inflections that, in the words of one 18th century oboe enthusiast, "go as easily and as soft as the Flute."

The sons of a Russian immigrant, the Gomberg brothers grew up in a Boston



Paul Moor
FISCHER-DIESKAU AS FALSTAFF
As spine-tingling as a trumpet.

more intelligence, accuracy or theatrical effect. Fischer-Dieskau never uses his texts as excuses for mere vocal gymnastics. In the art songs of Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, he sings his way into moods alternately tragic, boisterous and nostalgic with subtle modulations of his dry, husky voice. And when at climactic moments he throws his baritone out in a high, ringing fortissimo, the effect is as spine-tingling as a trumpet blast.



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SCIENCE

Juno's Gold Cone

It was a clear, calm night at Cape Canaveral. The Army, making its first attempt to shoot the moon, had spent weeks fussing over the Juno II, a 60-ton Jupiter IRBM with a spike of high-speed rockets mounted on its nose. At twelve seconds after 12:45 a.m., almost exactly on schedule, Juno II took off. It climbed loudly but smoothly, arching slightly north of east. For about three minutes the first-stage rocket burned brightly, diminishing slowly with distance. Then its power shut off, and the upper stages coasted flameless for 55 seconds. About 110 miles up and 160 miles distant, the eleven solid-fuel rockets in the second stage ignited as scheduled. The third and fourth stages ignited too, and Pioneer III, Juno II's instrumented moon probe, was on its own.

The launch looked good. But lack of further reports made veteran "birdwatchers" sense that something had gone slightly wrong. Later that night came confirmation: Dr. Werner von Braun, the Army's top space man, admitted that Juno II had missed perfection by a thin but sufficient hairbreadth. It was still climbing, but not climbing fast enough to get near the moon.

Too Fast, Too Soon. The failure was due to one of those technical minutiae that befall rocketeers. The Jupiter's reliable first stage had been modified for the occasion by elongating its tanks to give it more fuel capacity. This required a change in the complicated valve that controls the mixture of kerosene and liquid oxygen. Apparently the re-jigged valve did not work quite right. Either the

kerosene or lox was used up too fast, and the flame went out 3.7 seconds sooner than it should have. The too-low boost of the first stage (plus a small aiming error) kept Pioneer III from reaching its intended speed.

Pioneer III was a 12.95-lb. Fiberglass cone. Its surface was washed thinly with gold to make it electrically conductive, and it was ingeniously utilized as an antenna for Pioneer's radio. Over the gold were stripes of black and white paint, designed to control heat from the sun's rays and thus to keep Pioneer III warmer than Pioneer I, whose interior became so cold that some instruments did not work.

Pioneer III was designed to attain a top speed of 24,486 m.p.h. This would have been enough to toss it free of the earth's gravitation and make it a satellite (or burned-up victim) of the sun. The actual speed attained, 23,606 m.p.h., was only enough to carry the gold cone 66,654 miles from the earth. It reached its high point in 20 hours of travel. Then it fell back. Gathering speed again in its long fall, it hit the earth about 20 hours later in a brief streak of flame in the night sky over Africa.

Yo-Yos for Spin. Since Pioneer III never approached the moon, not all its instruments came into play. The most novel one was an optical gadget designed to send a radio signal when it saw a bright object the size of the moon at a distance of 22,000 miles. The instrument was shielded from the sun, and it would have been activated by a timing device only after the receding earth looked smaller than the approaching moon.

All the upper stages of Juno II, includ-

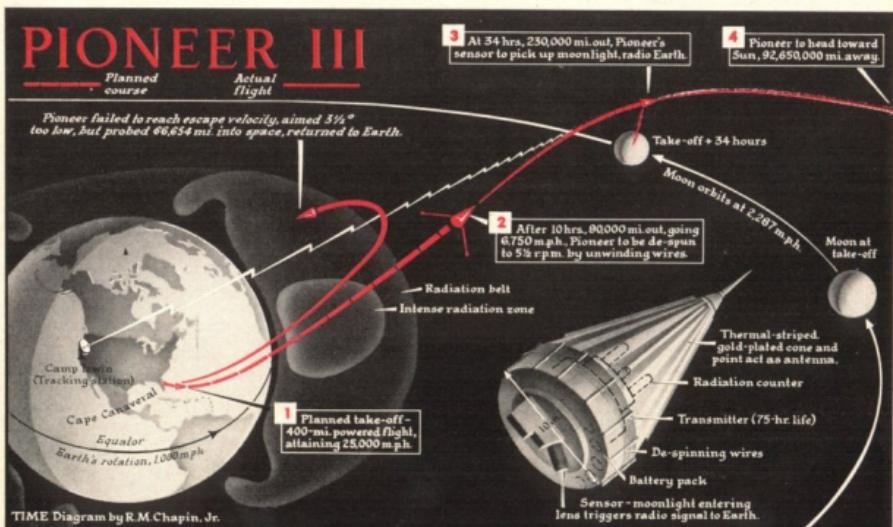
ing the gold cone, had been gyrostabilized by spinning at 400 r.p.m. This rapid motion would have kept the moonspotter from operating, so an ingenious system was devised to slow the spin. Two wires about 5 ft. long were wrapped around the base of the cone. On their ends were small (.2 oz.) weights, called "yo-yos" by their designers. A timer was set to let the wires unwind about ten hours after launch. The yo-yos would swing outward, and the energy needed to make them swing in large circles would be taken from the spin of the cone, making it slow down to about 53 r.p.m.

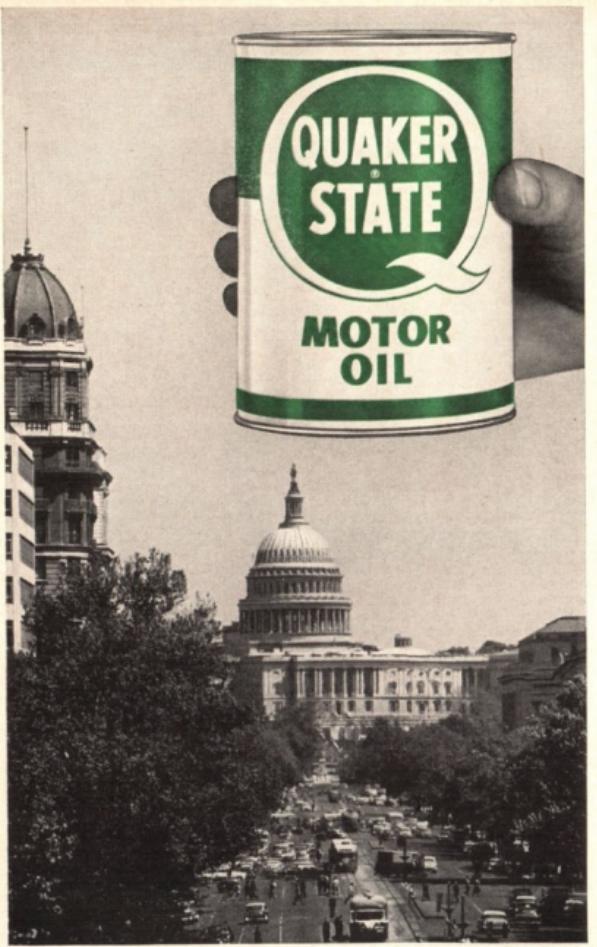
The overall purpose of this intricate and spider-light gadgetry was to try out a way to trigger cameras and other viewing equipment on the more ambitious space probes of the future. But the moon's image did not grow big and near enough to work the trigger.

Two Geiger counters worked well, should enable scientists to chart more exactly the dangerous Van Allen Radiation Belt that surrounds the earth (TIME, Dec. 8). The core is believed to be about 5,000 miles up. The Explorer satellites have charted its lower levels. The instruments of the Air Force's Pioneer I, the only other object to climb to the belt's upper reaches, did not start working until they reached an altitude where the Van Allen radiation is fading out. If Pioneer III finds the core and ceiling of the radiation belt, its faltering pass at the moon will be rated a scientific triumph.

Polar Sky Spies

The last Explorer has fallen silent, and the current series of U.S.-made satellites is spinning to its end. Last week Roy W. Johnson, director of the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects





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Agency (ARPA), announced plans for the U.S.'s next series. The new "Discoverer" series will include Sputnik-sized reconnaissance satellites revolving in north-south orbits that cross both poles.

The first shot, scheduled for next month, will use a Thor IRBM as its first stage and is expected to put 1,300 lbs. in orbit. The instrument payload, said Johnson, will weigh "several hundred pounds." Later shots will use Atlas ICBMs as boosters and will put as much as five tons in orbit. Some of the satellites will carry live animals, including a "primate," and attempts will be made to bring them back alive.

Orbit Geography. The Discoverers will be launched from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Florida's Cape Canaveral has the wrong geography for polar orbits. If a satellite launcher is aimed either north or south from the cape, it must pass over densely populated areas while still in the dangerous early stages of its flight. The nearest land south of Vandenberg is the Pitcairn Island group in the South Pacific, more than 4,000 miles away.

A satellite that crosses the north and south poles has one great advantage: it "sees" the whole earth. The plane of its orbit remains fixed in space, while the earth turns inside it. If the satellite's period of revolution is 90 minutes, it makes 16 north-south passes around the earth in a day, each pass being 22.5 degrees of longitude (about 1,560 miles at the equator) farther to the west than its predecessor. So a polar satellite, theoretically at least, can take pictures of the entire earth every twelve hours, thus act as a kind of "spy in the sky."

The first Discoverer, misslemen suspect, will do no more than report the cloud cover of the earth. Later versions may eventually take pictures with real cameras. If the satellite is recovered intact, the films can be developed on earth. Another possible trick would be to have the pictures developed automatically on board the satellite and sent to earth by facsimile radio. A good telescopic camera orbiting several hundred miles up might photograph objects as small as Russian military bases.

Rotation Control. If the satellite can be made to rotate once in 90 minutes (the period of its revolution), its camera can point at the earth all the time—just as the moon rotates so as to keep one side always facing the earth. A promising way to control the satellite's rotation is to give it apparatus that observes the earth's horizon and keeps the satellite in steady alignment with it by squirting out stabilizing jets of gas.

To bring the satellite back to earth at a desired place and time, designers expect to employ a retrorocket, which will be fired to reduce its speed at the chosen moment and spot. A parachute will slow it further, and a radio will shout an S O S. Finding the satellite with its undeveloped films or its beat-up "primate" should not be much harder than finding a missile's nose cone.

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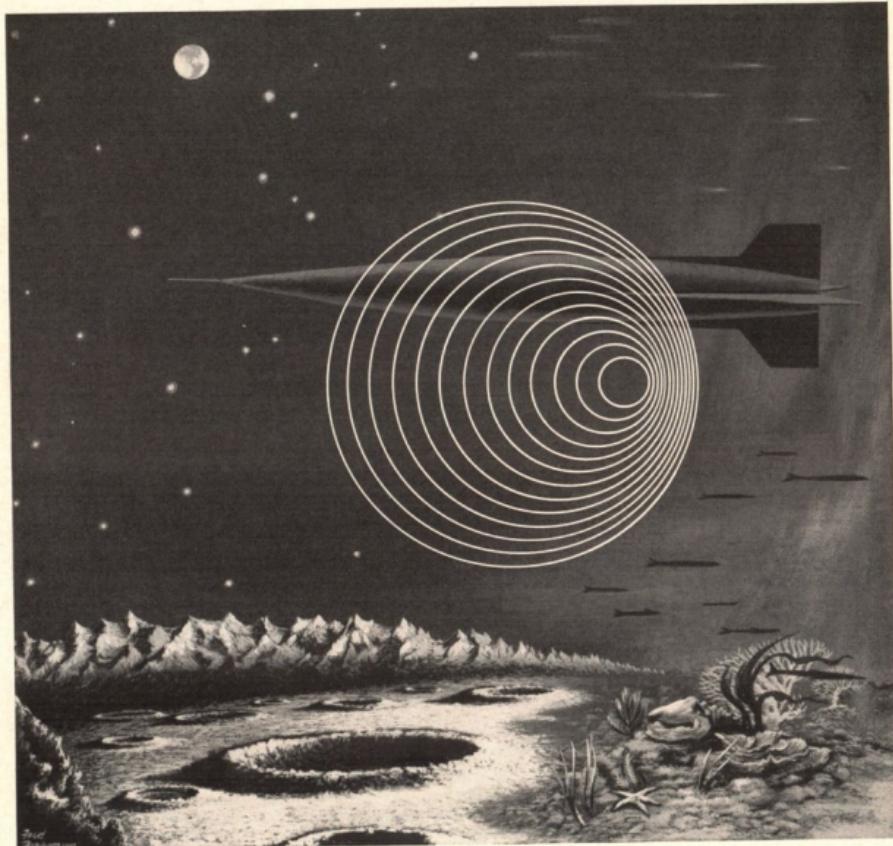
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THE THEATER

New Musical in Manhattan

Flower Drum Song (music and lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II; book by Mr. Hammerstein and Joseph Fields) proves to be thoroughly professional, has Miyoshi Umeki, Pat Suzuki and other nice performers, has some agreeable dancing, some gorgeous costumes, here proof of a jolly Rodgers and there of a dreamy one. As purely popular musical fare, the show should fare handsomely. But as Rodgers and Hammerstein, it not only lacks the talent of their top-drawer work, it seldom has the touch. *Flower Drum Song* is passably pleasant in its way, but its way is strictly routine.

This is borne out by a natural comparison between this tale of San Francisco's Chinatown, of Oriental parents and

son for the show is not with first-flight Rodgers and Hammerstein but with second-best Rodgers and Hart. Such work might well be less smoothly professional than *Flower Drum Song*, but it was more individualized. If it sagged, it would suddenly soar; if there was nothing notable for the nightingale, there was something delightful for the mockingbird. The Hart wit waltzed to a Rodgers tune; the Hart irreverence punctured what, on more than one occasion, *Flower Drum Song* seems to promote.

New Plays in Manhattan

The Disenchanted (by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit) treats of Manley Halliday, who, if not wholly Scott Fitzgerald, is very much his blood brother. It treats of him, in a running narrative, in defeat; it shows him, by way of flashbacks, in

celent as the younger writer, the main narrative has many moments, such as Halliday's proud roll call of Jazz Age names, that are vibrantly nostalgic, as it has others, such as Halliday's white-knuckled attempt to summarize a scenario that has never been written, that are tensely moving. Elsewhere, at times, the main story is wordy and underdramatized. Despite Rosemary Harris' period appeal as the wife, the flashbacks seem inadequate, do more to catch a half-legendary Jazz Age mood than to explain a disintegrating writer. What destroyed any such writer must go beyond mere high-stepping idiocies to the full lure of wealth and high life that he succumbed to, and it must go beneath the killing froth of a marriage to its dark, neurotic leis. It must convey someone the more disenchanted for having first been so strangely romantic, and it might well suggest a gifted writer's self-delusion that memory would afterward recuperate with words what had been squandered on wine and women.

The twists and turns along Halliday's road down remain largely uncharted. But *The Disenchanted* does not adulterate or gloss over. It treats writers as writers, Hollywood as Hollywood, truth as truth. It has a sense of the real thing and of what it means; it knows that, for the beheaded writer, good intentions can be paved with hell. Whatever its flaws as playwriting, it deals feelingly with authorship.

The Night Circus (by Michael V. Gazzo) finds the author of *A Hatful of Rain* once again garishly grim. His scene, shifting between a crummy, dimly lit bar and a sleazy apartment, fits the play's characters with their inner loneliness, outer violence, anarchic dreams. Into the bar, on her wedding eve, comes a beautiful girl (Janice Rule) in prenuptial revolt against a stodgy suburban future; next day she returns, in her wedding dress, to go off with a hard-boiled sailor (well played by Ben Gazzara). The rest of the play concerns the unborn child of the fiancé she walked out on, the father she drives to death, and her tempestuous affair with the sailor, who at length walks out on her.

Picturing a rootless, tangled world, Playwright Gazzo has an ear for the harsh and guttural, an eye for the tarnished and messy, and too much of a mind for both. So crammed is his scene with lives near precipices and gutters as to cry out for someone merely in a rut. His people, as they talk and philosophize, become embarrassingly florid. His heroine is both a Jazz Age and a Beat Generation type: the self-pitying, self-dramatizing, greedily restless girl who destroys others on the way to destroying herself. But the play's realistic-romantic approach to her is blurred and unsure.

With Playwright Gazzo's desire to portray a new Lost Generation goes a need to emporitize it; with his feeling for vivid lingo goes a taste for bad pothouse lyricism. Nor is he aware that violence not only differs from intensity but defeats it, or that such blatant naturalism as his must lead to unreality.



Fred Fehl

PAT SUZUKI & PLAYERS IN "FLOWER DRUM SONG"
Passably pleasant in its routine way.

Americanized children, and *The King and I*. Once again East meets West; once again there are clashing customs and picturesquesque ceremonies. Doubtless Rodgers and Hammerstein were properly determined that never their twain should meet; in any case, they operate at such different levels that they cannot. Where, in music comedy terms, *The King and I* seemed truly exotic and aromatically blended fable, score and choreography into one, *Flower Drum Song* has no distinctive elements to blend and is never really exotic because it makes Chinatown almost indistinguishable from Broadway.

The Rodgers score can be pretty (*I Am Going to Like It Here*), or have zip (*I Enjoy Being a Girl*), or lead to fun (*Don't Marry Me*). But it gets few assists from the lyrics, and the libretto gains nothing from its Joseph Fields brand of gag. Perhaps the right compari-

decline. The razzle-dazzle days of the '20s, the champagne-bath marriage to an irresistible playmate and a hopelessly irresponsible wife, the dropping of bank notes like confetti, have left a writer as drained as his bank account. To get money enough to go on with a book, he agrees to work on a Hollywood film about college life.

He sets to work—it is 1939—with a younger Depression-age writer who has admired Halliday's books but quarreled with his values. But beyond having no stomach for short-order hackwork, Halliday has no resources. Days pass in California and New York as he fishes for ideas in water that has gone over the dam, as he tosses crumpled typewriter paper after crumpled memories, as he struggles against a deadline that is indeed an obituary.

With Jason Robards Jr. impressive as a collapsing standard bearer for his era and vocation, and with George Grizzard ex-

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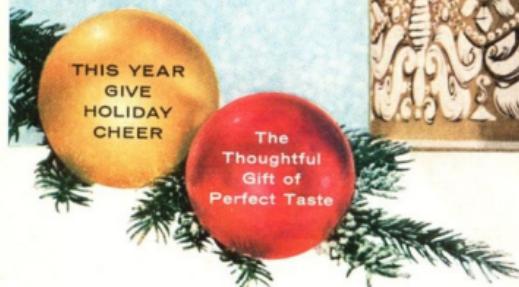


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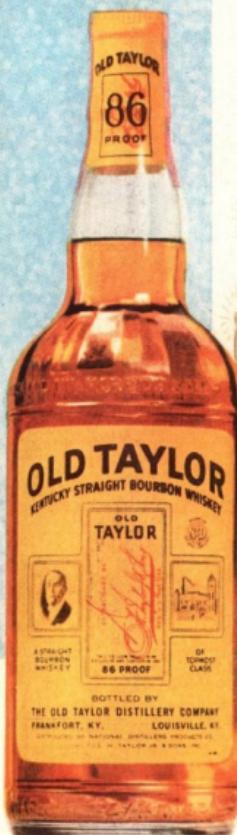
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In short, from where we stand the future seems to promise many happy new years.

**GENERAL
TELEPHONE**



EDUCATION

Medical & Liberal Arts

Medical schools are hard places to get into, and an undergraduate headed for one is likely to load himself with courses in the hard sciences and let the humanities go hang. The result: U.S. doctors, as conversationalists, are apt to be excellent physicians. But the climate of opinion in medical schools is changing. A report issued last week by Harvard University indicates that potential physicians need not insulate themselves from the liberal arts, and in some cases may hurt their chances by doing so.

Gist of the report, which studied the careers of 1,390 Harvard students who went on to medical school from 1949-56: grades and academic honors weigh heavily in determining admission to medical school, but a student's choice of major—assuming he has met minimum science requirements—has no bearing. Writes Author Dean K. Whittle, director of Harvard's office of tests: "It would be regrettable if some of our students who plan to become doctors felt that they must turn away from their interest in the liberal arts for fear of being rejected at medical school without a premedical major." Surprise of the study: at Harvard Medical School, premed-prepared students do better the first year, but by the third year they fall slightly behind students who majored in the social sciences.

Medical schools, writes Whittle, have become increasingly more aware of the importance of liberal arts backgrounds. But at Harvard, at least, the students have not; in 1949, 47% of those who went on to medical school took premed courses; by 1956, the last year the report covers, 67% were premed majors. For future physicians, some comments from the men in charge of admissions at five other major medical schools:

MICHIGAN. Says Assistant Dean Robert G. Lovell: the University of Michigan does not particularly care what a student's major is, will admit social science and humanities majors as readily as premed majors if they meet science requirements.

PENNSYLVANIA. Medical Faculty Dean John McK. Mitchell: the school pays no attention to majors, is interested in the man and how he handled the courses rather than what course he took.

CHICAGO. Preference has swung toward humanities majors, says Dr. Joseph Cettham, dean of students at the medical school: "If two men apply, and both have the required basic scientific courses behind them, and one was a philosophy major and the other solely a premed student, the philosophy man gets the nod." In the past, students headed toward medicine piled up huge backlogs of scientific courses, "which they could very well have done without."

NORTHWESTERN. "You're in medicine for the rest of your life," says Medical School Dean Dr. Richard H. Young. "The broadscholastic background a man has before

he enters medical school, therefore, the better."

JOHNS HOPKINS. Dr. Thomas B. Turner, dean of the medical faculty: "I cannot candidly say that liberal arts in any sense outweigh science. We want both in our entering students: a background that is broad culturally and a preparation in basic science, specifically chemistry, biology and mathematics. The old unconcern for liberal arts has vanished. We want a man to be intellectually mature, and we recognize that he cannot attain that status taking nothing but science courses."

The Quality of Excellence

The grim, grey pile beside the Charles River looks chilly on a summer day, and in December seems too austere to support life. But only one or two other U.S. centers of science have been as fruitful dur-



Gjon Mill—Life

M.I.T.'S STRATTON
Well suited to cultivate an elite.

ing the past decade as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Last week M.I.T. named as its new president a man who, with outgoing President James R. Killian Jr., deserves a large measure of the credit: Chancellor Julius Adams Stratton.

Since 1923, when Stratton took his degree in electrical engineering at M.I.T., the Cambridge school has almost wholly altered its character. That year M.I.T. spent something more than \$2,000,000 at its specialty: turning out high-quality engineers. Last year, under Acting President Stratton—who took over when President Killian was named Special Assistant for Science and Technology to President Eisenhower—M.I.T. spent almost \$21 million for operating costs, another \$54 million on sponsored research projects. But more important than a ballooned budget are M.I.T.'s expanded objectives. The institute still trains some of the na-

tion's best engineers, now also concentrates on developing some of its most able pure scientists.

M.I.T.'s surge toward scientific eminence was begun by President (1930-48) Karl Compton. Under Killian and Right-Hand Man Stratton a new reform was pushed through: raising the departments of humanities and social sciences to the status of the institute's other professional schools. At 57, Physicist "J" Stratton is well qualified to understand the importance of the humanities; after he graduated from M.I.T., he made the grand tour, spent much of his time studying French literature at the Universities of Grenoble and Toulouse. He earned his doctorate in mathematical physics at Zurich, returned to M.I.T. to teach electrical engineering, soon switched to physics. His first big administrative task after World War II: organizing the successor to the institute's wartime Radiation Laboratory, which had been chiefly responsible for the development of radar, under a new title—the Research Laboratory of Electronics. He became known for a quiet manner, for almost painfully earnest efforts to resolve clashing points of view, and for a broad understanding of how to bridge the shifting boundaries between scientific disciplines.

Stratton will take over Jan. 1, and Killian, 54, will continue as President Eisenhower's assistant, step up to the M.I.T. board chairmanship. Early this year the president-elect wrote: "We in America have been curiously plagued by the fear of an intellectual elite. We have tended to distrust intellectual achievements that are not to be had by everyone on equal terms. There has been too little pride and understanding among Americans of the quality of excellence." Julius Stratton, a reserved man who wears a banker's conservative suits and would be at a loss dealing with football-frenzied alumni at some other schools, seems well suited to cultivate M.I.T.'s quality of excellence.

School & Steel

From 5,000 "Active Young Builders of Socialism" meeting last week in Peking, the Central Committee of Red China's Communist Party got a love note: "Our generation of youth will always rally closely around the party and go wherever the party tells us . . . We will never disappoint the party in its earnest hopes and will strive to accelerate the building of socialism and to realize mankind's noblest ideal—Communism—in our generation and by our own hands." To millions of hand-blistered Chinese students, the last phrase must ring with ironic accuracy. For much of the impetus in China's "Year of the Leap" (TIME, Dec. 1) has come from daily sessions of mind and muscle-numbing physical labor by the nation's students, who work before and after classes and often during class hours as well.

"Education for education's sake" is now scorned in China as an imperialist luxury. At Loyang, in Honan province,

Love Letters to Rambler



B. W. YEOMAN
Driving hundreds of miles through all extremes of altitude and weather is just another day's work for mail route operator B. W. Yeoman, of Clarkston, Wash., who estimates that he has covered a quarter-million miles since 1954—all of them in a Rambler. He writes:

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Eastfoto

STUDENT STAKHANOVITES IN CHINA

"Sometimes we work the whole night without a second to close our eyes."

twelve primary schools recently heeded the Central Committee's directive that "the future direction is for schools to run factories and farms, and for factories and agricultural cooperatives to establish schools." They banded together, built the "Red Scarf" steel and iron factory, now claim production of 40 tons of metal daily. To ask that summer vacations be spent vacationing is "a decadent viewpoint . . . It should be known that after spending a busy period of time in study, taking up manual work over a short period is good relaxation."

Division of Labor. At the Red Scarf factory, students work according to a "rational division of labor." Children seven to nine years old, the party press notes, generally like to collect nails and bits of wood and carry them in their pockets. This interest is channeled into the field of significant labor activity" by sending the children outside the factory for two hours each day "to pick iron, scraps, dig and sift ore, gather wood and collect broken bits of earthenware." Students 14 and 15 years old "do the simple jobs of making molds, preparing materials, taking care of machinery and blowing oxygen." Older teen-agers move molten-steel ladies, refine ore and build the brick linings of furnaces. The "young pioneers" work no more than six hours a day, get one day off a week and, the party claims, are gaining weight. Fourteen-year-old Student Pai Chun-hsiang, according to the official account, surprised his fearful parents by becoming a "hardcore member of the factory's materials-preparation section, assistant chief of oxygen blowing, and invented a method of melting aluminum which saves much money for the State."

But not all the student Stakhanovites are happy. Wrote one boy from another area: "All of us are working day and night smelting iron and steel . . . We

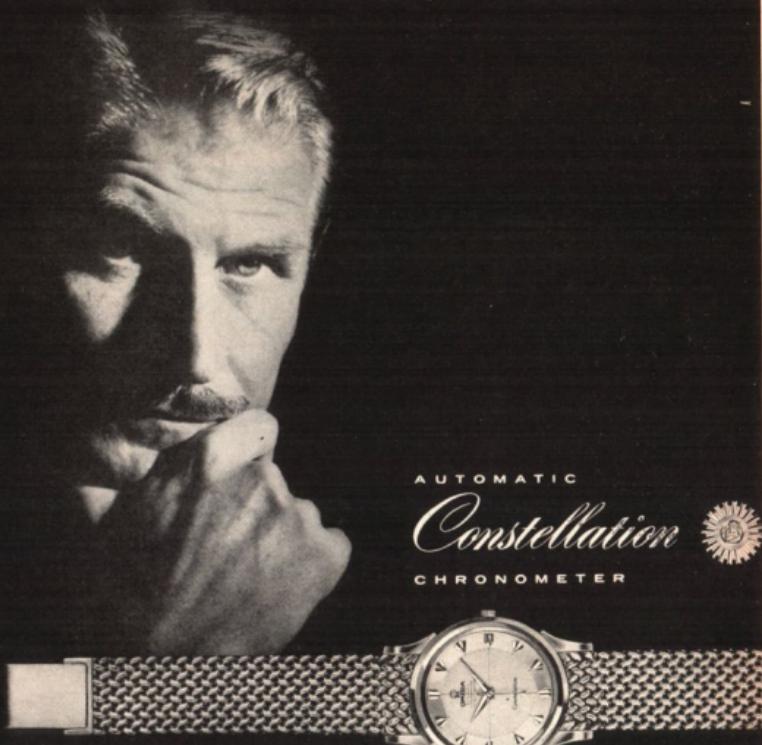
often stop classes for labor . . . We wash ore or build roads and sometimes we work the whole night without a second to close our eyes. This kind of work is too hard. I don't know what will become of me." A girl university student, whose classes were interrupted by last year's purge of rightists, wrote to a friend ill with tuberculosis: "We were told that this term would start in October and we should be back in class, but now I am working on the night shift in a factory. After the night's work comes morning gymnastics. Last year when you were here things were different; you would hardly recognize our life today. To be frank, I envy you, even with your sickness."

"Sheer Shock Tactics." Chinese Communists now claim to have 25 million children in kindergartens, 92 million (up 8,000,000 since June) in primary schools, 15 million in secondary schools, 790,000 in institutions of higher learning and 60 million in a catchall category, "spare-time schools." Total: 193 million scholars.

What sort of schooling do the student-workers and worker-students get? When the Communists took over in 1949, Chinese illiteracy was estimated at 80%. Now the party claims 80% literacy—with the definition of literacy varying from understanding of a basic 600 characters to comprehension of 1,000-3,000 characters, plus the ability to write. Since March, the rate of "illiteracy elimination" has been souped up, according to official reports, from "two to three years" to "only a month" to "weeks." The worker and peasant masses, says the party, "gobble their knowledge ravenously and learn by sheer shock tactics." Their appetite would please Party Archangel Lenin, who wrote: "If study, education and training are restricted within the schools and are alienated from the invigorating practical life, we can have no confidence in such education."

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SHOW BUSINESS

BOX OFFICE

Moneymakers

Still boasting N.E.S.R. (not even standing room) business after packing the house for every performance since opening night $\frac{1}{2}$ years ago, *My Fair Lady* passed its 143rd week (1,140 performances) on Broadway to set a new sellout record for long-run shows. *Oklahoma!*, the former champ, missed out on some standees in its 143rd week; *South Pacific* had a few square feet of space in the rear of the theater after its 130th week. By year's end *Lady*'s producers expect their books to show \$10 million of gross business, a round million more than their nearest competitor, *South Pacific*.

Variety's listing of Hollywood's top ten moneymakers for November: 1) *In Love and War* (20th Century-Fox), 2) *Houseboat* (Paramount), 3) *The Last Hurrah* (Columbia), 4) *South Pacific* (Magna), 5) *South Seas Adventure* (Cinerama), 6) *Gigi* (M-G-M), 7) *Party Girl* (M-G-M), 8) *Windjammer* (De Rochemont), 9) *The Defiant Ones* (U.A.), 10) *Home Before Dark* (Warner).

Still cashing in on his Moscow triumph, Pianist Harvey Lavan Cliburn Jr. boosted his standard concert fee to \$4,000 for an afternoon appearance at the University of Texas, charged \$500 for letting students into his morning rehearsal, and picked up \$6,000 more for an extra performance later. Delighted to be paying so much for their music, Texans named Van an admiral in the Texas navy.

TELEVISION

Westward the Wagons

The prairie schooner stands ominously alone (circa A.D. 1860) on the dreary reaches of the Western flats. The boss of the approaching wagon train is understandably puzzled. He rides up to investigate. Just as he is about to tug at the wagon's flap, he hears a strange whirring. He pulls back just in time to escape the downward thrust of a thin-bladed sword. A samisen twangs weirdly on the sound track and a mustachioed Japanese samurai, complete with formal helmet and robe, emerges into the prairie glare.

"What is it, Major?" gasps a wagon train guard.

The train boss takes a long look, cocks his head, then answers casually: "I think he's Japanese. Bill."

As boss of NBC-TV's *Wagon Train*, Major Seth Adams (Ward Bond), sometime Union cavalry officer, can be forgiven his aplomb. He has been tangling with oddballs ever since he started his first trek out of St. Joseph, Mo. a year ago last September, headed for Sacramento, Calif. Every week, while the train fights thirst, Indians and renegade whites, Bond has had to take time out to handle the wild and woolly characters with which his scriptwriters people the West. In *A Man Called Horse*, beefy Ralph ("Picnic") Meeker turned up as an ignorant

settler who had been handed over as a slave to a matriarchal Indian squaw. In *The Annie MacGregor Story*, a migrating Scottish clan drove off marauding Indians with their skirling pipes. In *The Liam Fitzmoran Story*, a group of Celtic types learned about the vengeance of the Irish underground. By the time Bond got his charges to Sacramento, returned to St. Joe via sailboat around the Horn and started West once more to meet the samurai, his train had climbed steadily in the ratings. Last week it was rolling toward the top of both Trendex and Nielsen.

Stupid Samurai. For all its disparate characters, the show maintains its continuity with the fine performances of its



SESSUE HAYAKAWA & BRAVE
Horo-kiri on the prairie.

two steady stars. As wagon master, Bond, with his 215-lb. weatherbeaten hulk, is more consistently convincing than he ever was during his movie career. As trail scout, handsome Robert Horton, who never did amount to much on Hollywood's sets, is in his element at last. But the lean-muscled American virtues that Bond and Horton personify never seemed so attractive as they did in last week's *Sakae Ito Story*, when they were paled off against the sensitive acting of that oldtime film villain, Sessue (*Bridge on the River Kwai*) Hayakawa, 69.

Entrusted with the ashes of his master, a Japanese diplomat who died in Washington, Ito was on his way home. Then a trio from the wagon train killed his traveling companion and stole the sacred urn, sure that the ashes were really Oriental jewels. After chasing the culprits into the middle of a mess of Comanches, Ito waited while the Indians armed them with tomahawks, then dispatched the whole crew with his terrible sword. "Eeee-to," clucked Bond in not-too-angry disapproval, after he rode up too late to stop the

sudden justice. But Ito was inconsolable. His master's ashes had been spilled, so he drew a ceremonial knife across his belly in *hara-kiri*. ("So big country. My master ronery now. Rost. And onry to brame stupid Samurai Sakae Ito.")

Next Year, Oregon. On none of its previous adventures has *Wagon Train* so successfully played up the unexpected contrasts that lift it out of the wheel ruts of run-of-the-week westerns. The samisen sounded across the plains eerier than any coyote's howl. The ragtag wagon crews never looked so scraggly as they did wolfing their chow while Ito and his servant squatted delicately at their evening meal.

From now on, Executive Producer Dick Lewis' biggest job will be to maintain the pace. While *Wagon Train* winds toward San Francisco, its present destination, he will have to find other actors as talented as Hayakawa to give Bond and Horton an occasional boost. But he is confident as any trail boss. "Next year," he says, "we'll probably head for Oregon. The year after that we'll hit the Santa Fe Trail. After that we'll probably have them back on the Overland Trail." One of these years they might even take ship for Japan.

The Man in the Lampshade

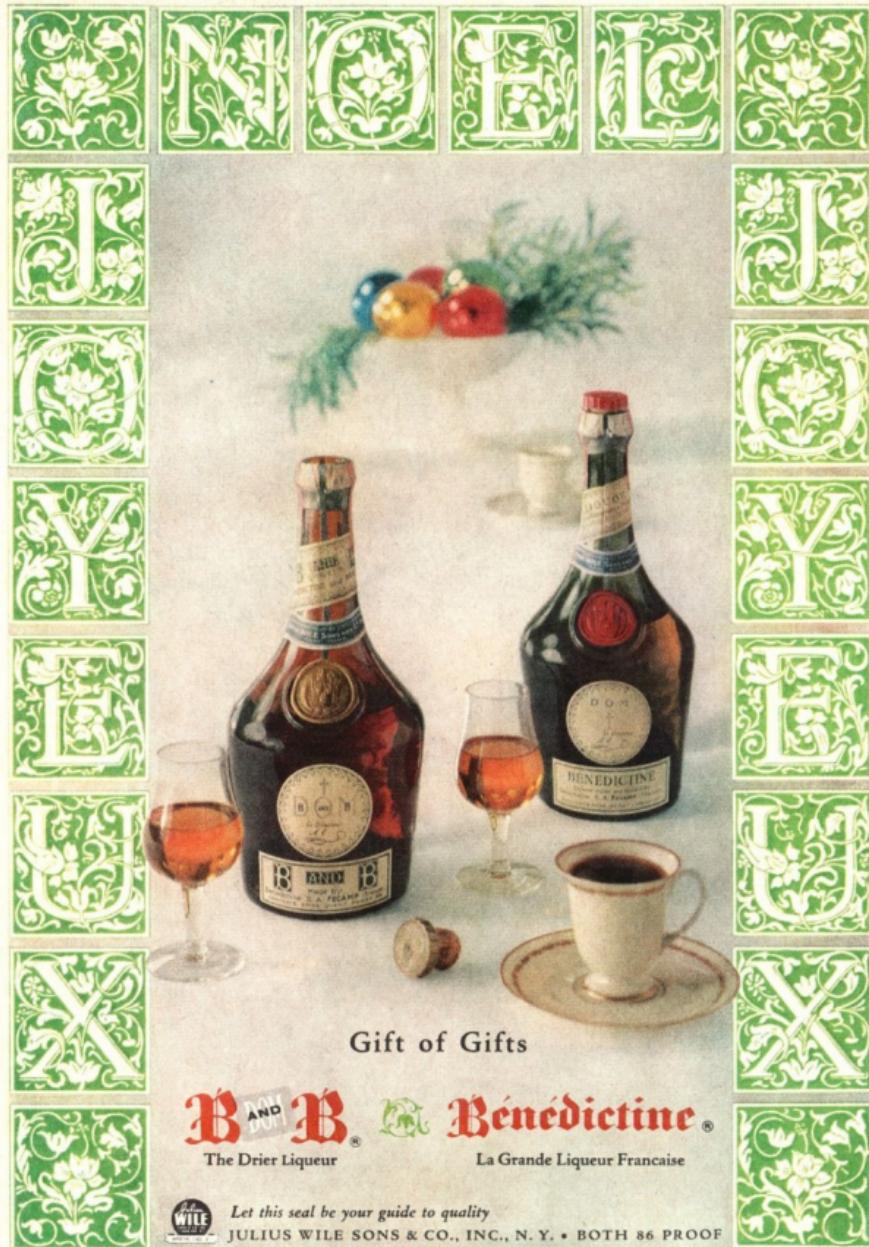
The voice is pure club-car American, rumbling through bourbon and cigar smoke, shaking with hoarse laughter. It sounds like a man imitating what he once feared he might become: a fat-ribbed salesman for his papa's turbine plant. Rumbles James Gilmore Backus: "I left Cleveland to get away from His and Her towels, people who call cocktail parties 'pours' and the guy who always breaks it up by wearing a lampshade on his head."

Today bushy-browed Comedian Jim (*Mr. Magoo*) Backus, 45, is one of TV's busiest players, appearing in everything from panel shows to serious drama. The part may be small—last week he was a relatively minor summer-camp counselor on *Playhouse 90's Free Weekend*—but by Hollywood standards, Backus has arrived in a big way. Latest evidence: a lusty new (unghosted) autobiography, *Rocks on the Roof* (Putnam; \$3.50), and a recent automated panegyric on *This Is Your Life*.

As befits a man who is just as funny offstage as on, Backus loves the irony that he now lives a far more lavish version of what he fled. Though his business manager gives him only \$20 a week, Backus expects to earn \$125,000 this year. The towels in his Hollywood house are embossed Señor and Señora, his party guests love the lampshade act, and year-round his wife keeps the swimming pool at a decadent \$9. "On cold winter nights," says he, "the steam rising from it causes the place to look like the set of *Wuthering Heights*."

Out of Alcatraz. To come full circle, Backus first had to get out of taut Kentucky Military Institute outside Louisville—"an Alcatraz with tuition," where his best pal was "Cadet Stob" Victor Mature. "I predict you'll wind up in the gutter," said the commandant.

Backus hurtled off to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in Manhattan,



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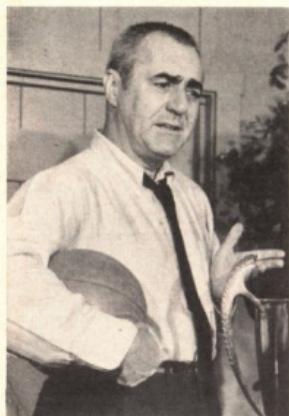
Also MATS

BOEING 707 and 720



emerged in Depression-ridden 1933 when there were only six plays on Broadway. He ate one daily meal at an actors' soup kitchen, posed for sinister pictures in *True Story Magazine*. After several lean years, he got steady work in radio soap operas. He soon played in three shows a day at \$30 apiece, often did 25 a week.

For 14 years the work was profitable but depressingly anonymous. What finally got Backus better known was turning the lampshade boor into a radio character. Name: Hubert Updyke III, a hilarious snob who insisted that his ancestors landed at Cadillac Rock. Hubert bought cars by the gross, drove around with Guy Lombardo's Royal "Canadians" instead



JIM BACKUS
Ancestors from Cadillac Rock.

of a radio, had a little man on the hood to work as a windshield wiper.

Stand the Pain. After three years with Updyke on radio, Backus fell into a fat part as the judge on TV's now-defunct *I Married Joan* comedy series, whose reruns are still "in orbit." Discovered at last, Backus made 47 feature movies (best role: James Dean's father in *Rebel Without a Cause*). But Backus ("always too early or too late") began his movie career at the start of Hollywood's slump. He often suspects that papa was right. Once that businesslike gentleman from Cleveland sniffed scornfully around the movie lots, pronounced one studio a "firetrap" and another "land poor." Soon afterwards, the first studio had a fire and the other has since taken to drilling for oil to boost the bankroll.

Last year, feeling "like a Zeppelin commander," Backus took another fling at radio with his own ABC show, but that soon got outraged ("How can Nielsen survey radio without hiring motorcycle cops?"). Now back in TV, Backus takes a lively but dim view of it. He deplores TV's headlong rush to "brutal frankness" by interviewers,西部片和private



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eyes: "Soon they'll have a quiz show called *Stand the Pain*. The plateaus will rise from \$10 for each fingermail yanked off with a pair of pliers to \$500 for each runaway slave you bring to the studio." As for the honor of being "done" by *This Is Your Life*, he rumbles: "The presents are nice, but they gave my wife that damn charm bracelet. Those bangles and bingles are driving me crazy. It sounds like she's making love to a Good Humor man."

TIN PAN ALLEY

Let's Run It up the Fir Tree

"On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me," sing the carolers—and then everything goes haywire. "Four bars of soap," they trill, "three cans of peas, two breakfast foods, and some toothpaste on a pear tree." Later, they launch into another holiday favorite: "Dashing through the snow in a 50-foot coupé." They stop to admire a cigarette-ad Santa Claus with a tattoo on each arm—one reading "Merry Christmas," the other "Less Tar"—and then jangle through *Jingle Bells* with a cash register clanking in the background.

Anyone buying a new Capitol 45-r.p.m. record titled *Green Christmas* can study these and other atrocities at yuletide leisure. Lyricist Stan Freberg is an adman himself, with an executive suite on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard and a reputation for the cute commercial (TIME, Aug. 4.). But Freberg also had a solid Baptist upbringing (his minister father still has a church in Pasadena), and for years he has felt Christmas commercialism gnawing away at his religious vitals. "The funny thing is," he says, "that businessmen would sell as much soap or soft drinks at Christmas if they never mentioned the season at all."

When Freberg gave his satire to Capitol Records—donating his profits to charity—the lower ranks happily waxed it. When the brass heard the record, it was yanked off the release list while Capitol's board of directors threshed over the propriety of such uncommercialism. As Freberg and his carolers put it:

*Deck the halls with advertising
What's the use of compromising
Fa la la la la la la la la la.*

BROADWAY Holiday Handout

More often than not, some of the best offstage Broadway humor involves one of the most famed Broadway characters—Tallulah Bankhead. Last week the latest Bankhead story was making the rounds from Lindy's to Sardi's. Tallulah, it seems, was stopped on Fifth Avenue by a Salvation Army lass shaking a tambourine for a holiday handout. Tallulah dipped into her handbag and produced a \$50 bill. "Don't even bother to thank me, dahling," she growled as she dropped the bill into the tambourine. "I know what a perfectly ghastly season it's been for you Spanish dancers."

Holiday Dinner

Appetizers

ver

Louisiana shrimp cocktail

California crab meat

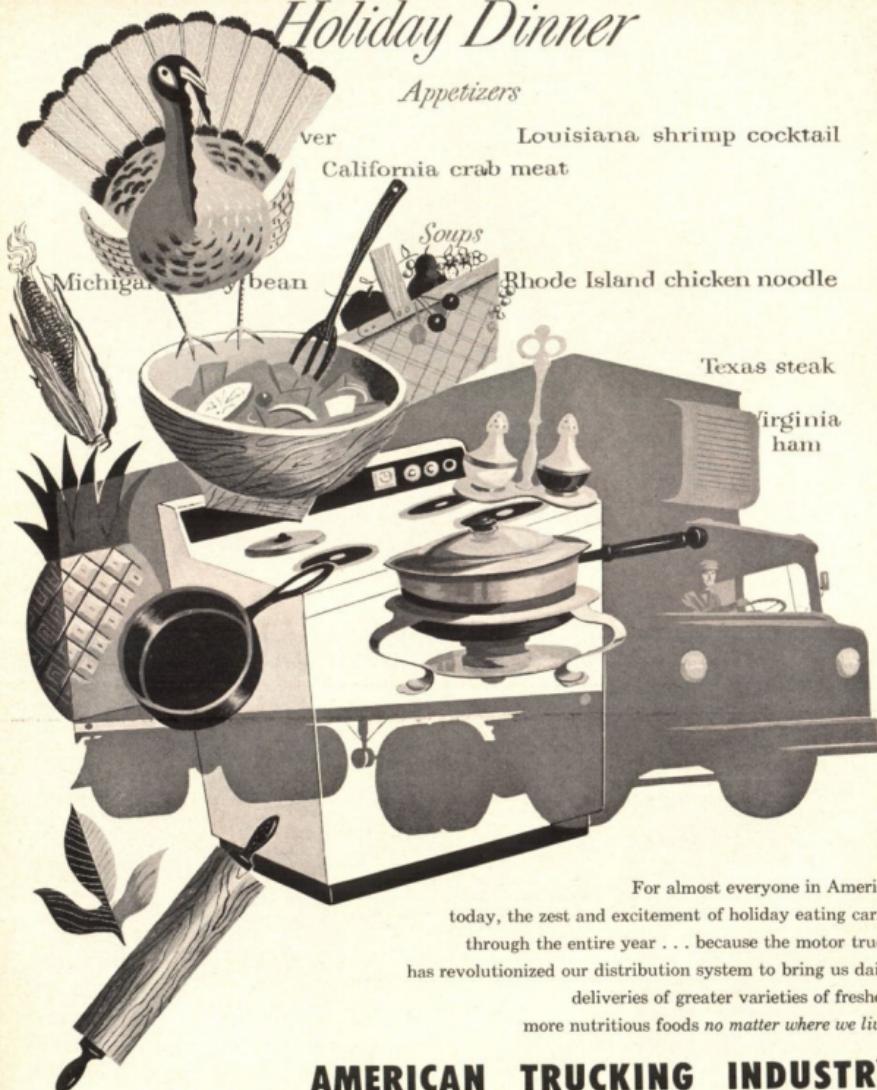
Michigan navy bean

Soups

Rhode Island chicken noodle

Texas steak

Virginia ham



For almost everyone in America today, the zest and excitement of holiday eating carry through the entire year . . . because the motor truck has revolutionized our distribution system to bring us daily deliveries of greater varieties of fresher, more nutritious foods *no matter where we live!*

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ART

Posh Pollock

In the two years since his death, Abstract Expressionist Jackson Pollock has become the nation's most admired art export. Last week Pollock's passionate, familiar dribblings of paint were on view in a London gallery. Judging by the record attendance as well as the reviews, Jack the Dripper had taken England in hand.

Pollock's painting, said the *Times*, is "almost an act of spiritual brinkmanship . . . Like Pope's spider, he feels along the line." The *Sunday Times*'s John Russell, who had scoffed at Pollock in the past, now praised "the great pounding rhythms which batter their way across the 18-ft. canvases, never for a moment out of control." Pollock was much more than "Drool School," conceded the *Manchester Guardian*. "Rich and splendid design of this quality and on this scale is infinitely rare." The *Observer* allowed that "the crude impression of a dotty exhibitionist spilling paint aimlessly over a canvas laid flat can be instantly scouted. Never, one surmises, was a pioneer more conscious of the effect he would eventually produce . . ."

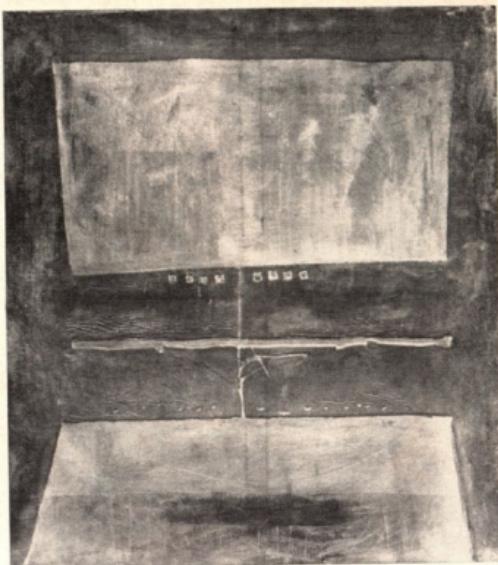
There was still some British reserve. The overall effect of Pollock's overall-painted patterns, said the *Spectator* soberly, was "neuroticistic dazzle." Yet even the *New Statesman's* gloomy John Berger had at last swung to Pollock's side, comparing him to Actor James Dean as an unhappy genius in an age out of joint. Berger's best guess on Pollock's approach to art: "In desperation he made his theme the impossibility of finding a theme. Having the ability to speak, he acted dumb."

Renoir for the Masses

Renoir had covered the canvas with small oil sketches, probably to use up the paints remaining on his palette at the end of a day's work. With a secret finger-flick signal, Manhattan Dealer Victor Hammer bid \$28,500 for it at the Kirkeby auction (TIME, Dec. 1), and got it. The next step was to find a good sharp razor blade; Hammer's Renoir would never be the same again.

Originally it included two larger sketches at the left, but a Paris dealer long ago snipped those off to sell separately. Last week Hammer sliced the 21½-in.-by-17½-in. canvas into eight jigsaw pieces. Squared off by means of appropriately tinted new canvas and refined, they would be framed and sold as eight little Renoirs. "This," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with almost infectious glee, "is Renoir for the masses!"

Dividends for bargain hunters at the big-names counter: a wide choice of real, genuine, hand-painted Renoir oils, one of them signed, for as little as \$500 per square inch. Prospective dividend for Dealer Hammer on his \$28,500 investment: a tidy \$15,000, or 50%.



TAPIES' "LA PINTURA": REPRESENTING "NOTHING AT ALL"

Herds & Old Mavericks

Since its beginning in 1896, the Carnegie international exhibition of contemporary art has aroused as much irritation as appreciation in its native Pittsburgh. It undertakes to round up what the world's artists are doing at the moment, and artists are notoriously a bit ahead of the public. Last week's Carnegie, with 367 paintings and 127 sculptures, irritated even more than usual—the show proved to be almost wholly devoted to abstract expressionism from 31 countries. Abstractions swept nine out of ten prizes (the tenth was a semi-abstract Henry Moore) and, as the *New York Times*'s Critic Howard Devreez duly noted, every prize "may be called in question." Due for especially earnest questioning was the \$3,000 top winner in painting: Antoni Tapies' mysteriously simple grey-black and grey *La Pintura* (Spanish for painting).

Tapies, brightest young (35) man to come out of Spain since those electric uncles of modern art, Picasso, Dali and Miró, allowed that his picture represented "nothing at all." His pigments were mixed with "something like cement—it's almost like relief work." *La Pintura* does in fact suggest the Costa Brava's austere spaciousness—rocks, sea and fishing boats.

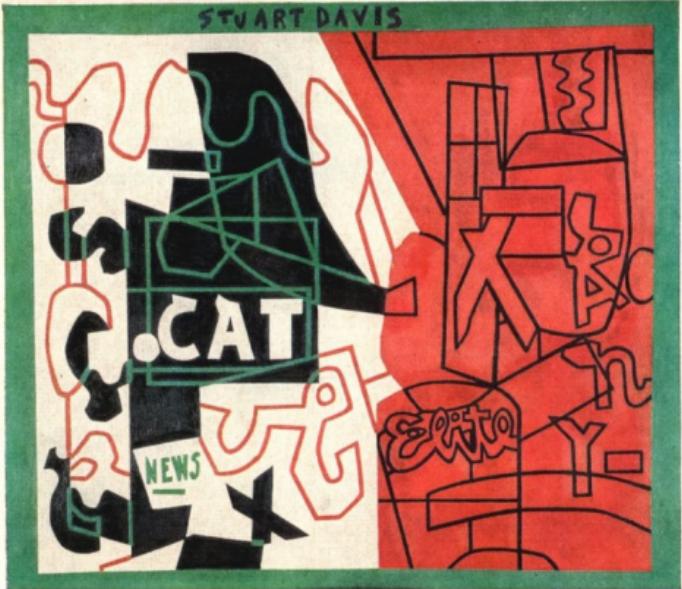
But few other European entries shared Tapies' individualism; the vast majority looked like imitations of American abstract expressionism, seemed to indicate that a herd of mavericks is more herd than

maverick. As developed by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline and half a dozen more, notably Jackson Pollock (see above), U.S. abstract expression might be compared to the hamburger and the Coke, which have also taken the world by storm. Hamburgers and Cokes are excellent in their ways, and so is abstract expression—but luckily the nation has other nourishment to offer as well.

That fact was made encouragingly clear last week by another big roundup: the Whitney Museum's annual exhibition of American painting and sculpture in Manhattan. There, too, abstract expressionism ruled by force of numbers. But among the 184 exhibits were a handful of pictures calculated to put the new princes of art fashion on their mettle and to prove that the great traditions of American painting still run broad and deep.

Edward Hopper's *Sunlight in a Cafeteria* (see color) was strictly old-school abstraction—the tie being to reality. It proved once again that Hopper, 76, keeps as firm a grip on imaginary space as any abstract artist alive, still wrings poetry from its arrangement. Charles Sheeler, Georgia O'Keeffe and Loren MacIver also scored for the older generation, and Stuart Davis brassy old-fashioned abstraction, *Pochade*, was like a joyful bopping of the drums for Dixieland jazz, a great U.S. export of another era. Overall, the Whitney show testified that there is more substance in American art than the wildest skeins of abstract expression have ever suggested.

STUART DAVIS



STUART DAVIS' "POCHADE"

EDWARD HOPPER'S "SUNLIGHT IN A CAFETERIA"

STEPHEN C. CLARK

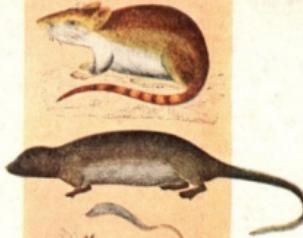




Of birds



& bees



& men

& mice



What ever happened to the diseases that used to afflict our great-grandparents: the catarrhs, the vapors and brain fevers?

Two things: They've been displaced by such pinpointed diagnoses as hypochromic anemia or lobar pneumonia. And nowadays they're usually treatable. In place of random bleedings and elixirs, your doctor now has at his command thousands of specific remedies, from life-saving antibiotics to essential vitamins. The Upjohn Company alone provides him with more than 700 preparations.

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If you could see Upjohn's research scientists at work you would begin to understand. For they are constantly probing, searching, asking questions. Can antibiotics, so successful in fighting infections, also be used to treat cancer? Will rearranging the molecules of the hormone preparations add to their present usefulness?

Or more basic questions: Just what is the physiologic basis of the bird's homing "instinct"? What is the mechanism that differentiates the queen bee from the worker? What are the individual body changes that make for growth or aging in the mouse?

Creative curiosity

The research scientist again and again uncovers clues which eventually become vital medicine in your doctor's practice. So today you are protected against many diseases which once were killers. You spend far less time sick in bed than did your grandparents or even your parents. You run an ever-diminishing risk of having to go through life disabled and your children can look forward to still greater progress in the search for health.



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CINEMA

New Picture

Separate Tables (Clifton Productions; United Artists) is about as skillful a job as could possibly be done of turning a well-made play into a well-made movie.

It was not an easy bit of rewriting. For one thing, Playwright Terence Rattigan's well-made play is actually two well-made plays, each one about an hour long; and Scriptwriter Terence Rattigan, with the collaboration of John Gay, had no real choice but to combine them by a sort of gambler's shuffle—first a scene from one, then a scene from the other—that could scarcely fail to provide some notable examples of non sequitur. Fortunately, the method has also encouraged a good deal of suspense, and introduced a few fetchingly ironic parallels.

Then there was the problem of casting. Rattigan's writing, clever as it was, seemed to Broadway audiences no more than piquant sauce at a histrionic banquet for two of the theater's most exquisitely mannered scenery chewers: Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman, who played all four of the show's principal parts (*TIME*, Nov. 5, 1956). Obviously, the movie people could not hope to match that, so they set out to do better—by providing their picture with one of the screen's most gifted young directors, Delbert (*Bachelor Party*) Mann, and with what is surely the year's most brilliantly glittering cast. For the main roles they hired Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, Burt Lancaster and David Niven. And for the supporting parts they got four of Britain's most distinguished performers: Wendy Hiller, Gladys Cooper, Cathleen Nesbitt and Felix Aylmer.

The marvel is that this pride of cinema lions could be confined in one cage without roaring each other down. Director Mann has obviously cracked the whip, but some of the credit also belongs to Author Rattigan, whose script is the very model of a lion act—the exits and entrances precisely timed, the terrors tactfully spaced, the total effect not seriously disturbing but guaranteed to make the customers forget their troubles in the simple animal pleasure of watching someone else's.

The scene is set in a proper little horror of a boardinghouse in a glum old watering place on the Channel coast of England. The proprietor (Wendy Hiller) is a sensible, good-tempered spinster, but she has her hands full. She has developed a personal complication with the star boarder (Burt Lancaster), a writer fellow from America who is bound he will make an honest woman of her—until one day his ex-wife (Rita Hayworth) comes slinking in the front door.

Then there is The Major (David Niven), a potty old military party who never lets up about the good old days in North Africa—until one day he is charged with molesting a woman in a local cinema, and the newspaper reports that he was not a major at all but only a lieutenant, and

that he spent the war in a supply depot. This makes for several other complications because the resident battle-ax (Gladys Cooper) soon starts swinging for The Major's head. She demands that he be forced to leave the hotel, even though—or perhaps because—she knows that her shy, hysterical daughter (Deborah Kerr) is in love with the old fraud.

The situation is one that Chekhov might have admired. It has the mysterious opacity of real life. It cannot be understood; it cannot be judged; it cannot be solved. It can only be experienced. But Rattigan, alas, is no Chekhov. As time



NIVEN & KERR IN "TABLES"
By the Barnum of the inner life.

runs out, he quite shamelessly gives the public what it wants, and begs the vital questions at the heart of the drama: Why do men sit down to the feast of life at separate tables? What is the meaning of the fatal separateness of human lives? And yet, the film will probably be received by millions of moviegoers as an unusually thoughtful and mature examination of these questions.

The illusion is ably fostered by the actors. Niven is excellent, and Kerr and Hiller at times are inspired. But the master illusionist is Rattigan, and his illusion is based on the sly discovery that in an age of changing values, if one wishes to seem mature in emotional matters, it is not really necessary to see people as they are, but only to accept people as they seem. The fact is that Playwright Rattigan does not appear to care very much about human beings; he cares about theatrical effects. Nevertheless, his effects are far more subtly effective than those of a mere external showman. He is the Barnum of the inner life, one of the few living writers who can convince an intelligent audience that a platitude is an attitude.

THE PRESS

Prediction of the Week

In U.S. News & World Report:

"War over Berlin is at least six months away—if it comes."

30 for "Brown"

When Multimillionaire Financier John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, 54, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, bought the faltering New York *Herald Tribune* (circ. 377,400) from the Reid family last summer (TIME, Sept. 8), one of the main questions left unanswered was the future of boyish Ogden ("Brown") Reid, the paper's 33-year-old publisher and editor. Last week it was reported that Reid will leave his operating post on the *Trib* this month, with no fixed plans for the future. He will still be connected with the *Trib*: he and brother Whitelaw, 45, are on the five-man board of directors, and the family still has a "substantial" interest in the business. Jock Whitney is still looking for a topnotch news executive to take Reid's place, for the time being will leave control in the hands of Howard D. Brundage, board member and chairman of the executive committee.

King of Kings

The hint was casually and artfully dropped at a London cocktail party by a member of the family: the Berrys would like to sell their controlling interest in the sprawling Amalgamated Press Ltd., magazine and periodical empire (72 publications). Hovering within earshot was an executive of the *Daily Mirror-Sunday Pictorial* group who knew big news when he heard it; he hustled the word back to the ears of his board chairman. This week, barely a month after he got the message, hulking (6 ft. 4 in.), baby-faced Cecil

Harmsworth King, 57, bought control of Amalgamated for a bid in excess of \$45 million, thereby became ruler of the world's most widespread press empire.

Not even King himself has had time to add up all the statistics of his new domain. With a women-and-children-first editorial policy, Amalgamated peddles everything from *Baby's Own Annual* to *Love Story Library*, puts out 20 weeklies, e.g., prim, prosperous *Woman's Weekly* (circ. 1,615,778), and nine monthlies. Like the *Mirror-Pictorial*, Amalgamated has its assorted paper mills and TV stations. King already had Britain's strongest newspaper chain anchored firmly by London's rauous *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,526,453) and the equally raucous *Sunday Pictorial* (circ. 5,378,242). King's anticipated post-tax profits from magazines and major newspapers alone: \$10.5 million.

Even sweeter for King is the fact that he now stands alone as a giant of the press, just as did his famed uncle, Alfred Harmsworth, first and last Lord Northcliffe and turn-of-the-century founder of Britain's popular press. (Amalgamated was founded by Northcliffe, strayed to other hands after he died in 1922.) King (TIME, Dec. 5, 1955) has the level, grey-blue eyes and careless forelock of his uncle, whose picture hangs behind his black-topped desk. But the two men are fundamentally different: the mercurial Northcliffe had a sure instinct for mesmerizing the masses; King is an intellectual with good background (Winchester, Oxford), who had to acquire the tricks of peddling blood, bosoms and ballyhoo. Says he: "If I produced the sort of paper I really wanted to read, no one else would want to."

Organization Man King rules by delegating authority to able associates, e.g., brash Editorial Director Hugh Cudlipp, ironing out differences, keeping a sharp eye on the ledger. When methodical Cecil King heard last week that a rival bid had been entered for Amalgamated, he was certain that his board of directors would up his offer as necessary, took off as scheduled for Africa, confident that he would become the King of press kings.

Sunshine in Vancouver

To tart-tongued Columnist Jack Scott, 43, of the Vancouver (B.C.) *Sun*, no target was ever more tempting than the *Sun* itself. He railed against the paper's promotion contests ("cynical seduction of a gullible public"), declared western Canada's biggest (circ. 211,012) and fattest daily was slow of foot and dull of eye. Critic Scott's proposal to brighten the *Sun*: "More deep reporting and vivid writing, the sort of thing that will grab the reader by the lapels and command his attention." Last September Scott got a chance to put up or shut up; *Sun* Publisher Don Cromie, 43, called him in and said: "Jack, I'm about to play the dirtiest trick on you that I've ever inflicted on anyone. I'll give you \$2,000 a month and the title of editorial director."



John Askev

COLUMNIST-TURNED-EDITOR SCOTT

He became a senior.

When the news spread that Scott had deserted his columnist's typewriter for the editor's desk, staffers were flabbergasted. His witty, five-a-week "Our Town" was the *Sun*'s best-read column; his special reports from around the world (Hiroshima, Israel, South Africa) had made him one of Canada's most honored newsmen. But for twelve years he had been away from the day-to-day run of the news, working at home or out of town. Cracked one staffer: "He's often been a professional sophomore—now he needs to become a senior." By last week *Sun* staffers and readers alike were convinced that Editorial Director Scott was indeed a senior.

No One Is Scott-Free. Grabbing his readers by their lapels. Editor Scott can an exposé of shyster used-car dealers that put the worst offender out of business, followed up with a story on a bogus real estate firm that led to three indictments for fraud. He front-paged an account of Vancouver's skid-row bread line, side by side with a Canadian Press story saying that Kraft Foods Ltd. blamed the high cost of food on the consumer demand for fancy preparation. Even Publisher Cromie did not get off Scott-free. The *Sun* ran a three-part analysis of Vancouver's faltering Community Chest, which Cromie headed last year.

Scott sent Managing Editor Himie Koshevoy to Washington to do a three-part series on John Foster Dulles that turned out more balanced than the *Sun*'s bitterly anti-Dulles editorials. Down to Uruguay busted Newsman Simma Holt to find Stefan Sorokin, leader of the buff-stripping, dynamiting Sons of Freedom sect of the Doukhobors, filed stories of the wealth Sorokin had gleaned from his followers in British Columbia.

Heat & Light. Scott's most startling idea was to send to Formosa monosyllabic Football Editor Annis (the "Loquacious Lithuanian") Stukus, one-time



London Daily Mirror

PUBLISHER KING
He became the giant.

coach of the Edmonton Eskimos and British Columbia Lions. Scott's theory: "Stukus will give the average guy a sense of identification with where the hell Formosa is and what's going on there." Stukus filed some earnest Hemingway-like prose, scored a major beat by wrangling an exclusive interview with Chiang Kai-shek. Though the session produced nothing new, Scott delightedly ran Footballer Stukus' picture check by jowl with the Gino on the front page.

Flooding the paper with his brand of Sunshine, Scott made fresh and imaginative use of pictures. He restored Punditeering Columnist Joe Alsop (*TIME*, Oct. 27) to the editorial page, added Columnists Red Smith and Jimmy Cannon to the sports section. Says Scott: "You have to do everything with a flair if you're going to keep them reading the paper when *I Love Lucy* comes on. You're in competition all the time against that big glass eye."

With Columnist-turned-Editor Scott in control, the *Sun* is meeting the competition with more heat and more light.

The Found Weekend

Hustling to get away for the weekend, the honey-blonde pressagent in Atlanta hastily dashed off a few corrections on the press release for her biggest client—the new, \$3,000,000 Cabana Motor Hotel scheduled to open last week. For a new punch line at the end of the story, Lois LaRoche scribbled: "What a spot for an adventurous weekend!" Then she sent the copy off to a mimeographing and mailing service. Not until she was back from her trip did she see the finished copy that had gone out to some 400 newspapers and magazines, and then she did not want to believe what she saw. Read the final sentence: "What a spot for an adulterous weekend!"

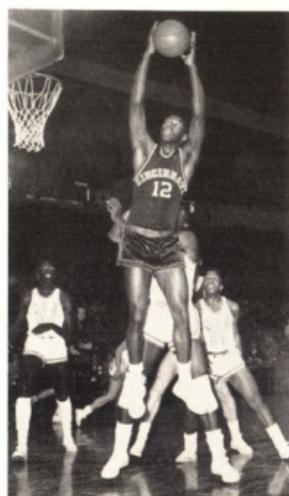
Never had one of Lois' releases invoked such attention from newsmen. Sniffed the *American Motel Magazine*: "The lowest form of humor." Fumed Executive Editor Bill Powell of the Paducah (Ky.) *Sun-Democrat*: "If you birds have no more respect for your place, or no more judgment than this, please stop sending us stories." Mused amused Columnist Stan Windhorn of the Sarasota (Fla.) *Herald-Tribune*: "In sheer honesty, we must express an admiration for this curious bit of candor, but from the practical point of view we must confess that it seems a terribly long way to go."

With a blush that matched the pink door of her office, Lois, a pretty, 32-year-old divorcee, wrote to everyone who got the release, blamed all on her handwriting rather than on the typist who misread her scribbled "adventurous" for "adulterous." Last week, despite, and/or because of Lois' too curved pitch, the Cabana was packed to its plush eaves with adventurous VIP first-nighters. Lois could take little solace from the smash opening; the Cabana's owners had let her contract lapse. Said she: "It's a good thing I'm in business for myself. I don't think I could get a job."

SPORT

The Big O

The lanky, well-muscled Negro made a high, spread-eagle leap, grabbed the ball and cleared the University of Cincinnati backboard. Whirling in the air before he hit the floor, he sped downcourt, dribbled expertly past three New York University defenders, plowed in and sank a difficult lay-up shot. Moments later, with the ball in his hands once again, he started to turn for a hook shot. Hit hard by an N.Y.U. player, he fell heavily to the



CINCINNATI'S ROBERTSON
Also when flat on his back.

court, but on the way down he somehow managed to arch the ball toward the basket with a flick of his powerful wrists. As he lay flat on his back, Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson watched the ball drop through the hoop. His expression was casual, as if he had expected it all along. The 14,587 spectators in New York's Madison Square Garden, who had expected no such thing, came to their feet with a roar of amazement.

Four on One? Robertson is the best player in college basketball today. As a sophomore last season, the "Big O" beat out such stars as Seattle's Elgin Baylor and Kansas' Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain for national scoring honors, made 984 points (average: 35.14 a game), was named Player of the Year. This year he is better still.

Last week N.Y.U. double-teamed him all night, set its other players in a zone defense that collapsed inward on the Cincinnati star whenever he got near the basket. Despite everything N.Y.U. could

do, Oscar dumped in 45 points, grabbed 19 rebounds. On offense he threaded nimbly through opposing players, shooting when free, passing off to teammates when hemmed in. On defense he rebounded beautifully, flicked his long arms out with lightning speed to break up N.Y.U. plays, steal the ball, intercept passes. Through it all he drew only one personal foul, though he played all but the final 45 seconds. If he had not been suffering from an injured back, Robertson might have eclipsed his own Madison Square Garden scoring record of 56 points, made last year against Seton Hall. Said N.Y.U. Coach Lou Rossini ruefully: "He's as great a basketball player as I've ever seen. I guess the only way to stop him would be to put four men on him and let one guy cover the other four."

School First. As basketball players go, the Big O is no loose-jointed skyscraper. Solidly built at 6 ft. 5 in., 190 lbs., he depends on lightning reflexes and graceful coordination rather than treetop height. Oscar makes all the shots from anywhere on the floor with devastating proficiency. Last year Robertson had the advantage of playing with a talented big teammate, 6 ft. 9 in. Connie Dierking, who had to be watched too. This year Dierking is gone, and Robertson is a marked man. Opposing teams can afford to take outlandish liberties in concentrating their defenses on him. But with the season in its infancy, nobody has figured a way to stop the Big O yet.

Born on a Tennessee farm, Oscar lives with his family in the section of Indianapolis known as the Dust Bowl, followed in the footsteps of his basketball-playing brothers Bailey and Henry (Bailey played with the Harlem Globetrotters). Cincinnati fans fear the Big O may turn pro after this season, but Robertson insists he will play his senior year for the Bearcats. Adds his mother fiercely: "The pros can't touch him. I'll have something to say about that. He's going to finish school first."

The Sport That Jack Built

From the moment Jack Kramer arrived, Australians viewed him with mixed feelings. As coach of the U.S. Davis Cup squad, he was theoretically welcome. But as a promoter who has lured away top Australian stars for his professional tours, he was viewed with ill-concealed hostility.

Kramer had scarcely stepped off the plane before the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia spitefully banned his touring pros from its affiliated courts. Snapped one official: "Australia is Kramer's happiest hunting ground. He is out to break the amateur game, and if the L.T.A.A. gives in to him now, he will succeed." Kramer bristled, "I would expect this kind of treatment only in Russia," added coals to the fire by signing Doubles Star Mervyn Rose, ranked No. 4 in Australia.

Next he made fat offers to Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson, the two players on



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whom Australia is depending to defend the Davis Cup. All the while he kept up a drumfire of criticism against the embattled L.T.A.A., many of whose members argued bitterly that Kramer should resign from the U.S. team if he was going to spend his time recruiting the Aussie Cup defenders. Complained one official: "Kramer's a member of the U.S. team, and that means we have to invite him to official functions. It's a pretty ticklish situation when you have to play host to him on the same day you read in the papers that he's calling amateur officials 'extremely capable back-alley fighters.'"

When the Australian press tired of chronicling the Kramer hassle, it turned loose all its superlatives on a lanky kid of 18 that Kramer has been grooming for the Cup matches. Brought along chiefly for experience, Earl ("Butch") Buchholz Jr. took hold under Kramer's tutelage, put some power into his scrambling game, upset both Anderson and the U.S.'s Alex Olmedo in the New South Wales championships, and went to the finals before losing to Cooper. Cried the Sydney *Daily Telegraph*: "A tennis prodigy." Headlined the Melbourne *Sun News-Pictorial*: THIS U.S. BOY COULD TAKE DAVIS CUP FROM US. But in the Victoria championships last week, Butch pulled a thigh muscle, failed to survive a third-round match with formidable Neale Fraser.

In fact, the Cup seemed safe enough for Australia this year. U.S. Kingpin Ham Richardson was far off his game, and Butch Buchholz was still a year or so away from top form. But Kramer is more of a threat to the Aussies as a promoter than a coach. If he succeeds in luring away Cooper and Anderson in 1950, Buchholz & Co. may give the U.S. its best chance in five years to recover the Cup.

Men of Miami

Many U.S. football fans never heard of Miami University of Ohio (enrollment: 6,000). Tucked away in the little (pop. 9,000) town of Oxford, it is far from a national power, remains content to produce a middling-good football team that winds up near the top of the middling-strong Mid-American Conference each year. But on the coaching lines, Miami alumni assume more stature. In 1958 Miami can boast that it has produced the most glittering roster of winning football coaches in the U.S. The record:

Paul Dietzel, Miami '48, guided Louisiana State from mediocrity (5-5 in 1957) to its first unbeaten, untied season in half a century, got for L.S.U. everyone's rating as the nation's best college team, for himself most people's nomination as Coach of the Year.

Earl Blaik, Miami '18 (and West Point '20), developed brilliant but thin material into a powerful, razzle-dazzle Army team that went through the season unbeaten, compared favorably with the Blanchard-Davis powerhouses Blaik produced more than a decade ago.

Ara Parseghian, Miami '49, transformed Northwestern, the 1957 doormat of the Big Ten, into a spirited team that



Ken Armstrong

L.S.U.'s DIETZEL
From the middle, the top.

upset Michigan, Minnesota and Ohio State, threw scares into Iowa and Wisconsin.

Wilbur ("Weeb") Ewbank, Miami '28, molded the Baltimore Colts of the National Football League into a devastating outfit that waltzed away with the league's Western Division title.

Paul Brown, Miami '30, has the Cleveland Browns out ahead in the battle for the N.F.L.'s Eastern Division championship, may find himself matching Miami-molded brains with Ewbank at year's end in pro football's world series.

Miami could also take pride in two men who had coached there and gone on to bigger things. Ohio State's **Woody Hayes**, who coached at Miami in 1949-50, made his team a season-long threat in the Big Ten. **Sid Gillman**, Miami's coach in 1944-47, has steered the Los Angeles Rams into second place in the N.F.L. Western Division.

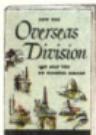
Such group success is hardly coincidental. Miami believes in putting its football coaches to work in the classroom. The current head coach, **John Pont** (Miami '52), teaches 45 hours a year in football fundamentals. Every coach on the Miami staff takes a hand in formal instruction sessions. After they graduate, Miami alumni form a close-knit group, and they help one another along. Ewbank formerly served on Brown's staff. Parseghian got the job at Northwestern through Athletic Director Stu Holcomb, himself a former Miami coach (1942-43). Dietzel assisted Blaik at West Point, was hired by L.S.U. with a strong recommendation from Blaik.

Many other Miamians are active in coaching. At least 17 are serving as assistant coaches in the college and pro ranks. At last count, 37 were football coaches in Ohio high schools, and 31 were serving as athletic directors or coaches of sports other than football in the state's school system. In little Oxford, Miami is proud of them all.



Collage includes screw pitch gauge, old thickness gauge, drawing of old auto engine, modern car parts.

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On Call at Head Office, or thru any FNCB Branch or correspondent, are 75 officers, with nearly 1,000 years service overseas, and a staff of 1,200, handling 47,000 overseas items daily.

First in World Wide Banking

UNFORGETTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT



The Lord Calvert decanter adds brilliance to a rare collection of antique crystal.

Give grandly this Christmas—give Lord Calvert in our authentic Collector's Decanter

LORD CALVERT is the most expensive of all the whiskies blended in America. It is a majestic gift in itself.

To celebrate this season of goodwill, you can now give this supreme American whiskey in an authentic collector's decanter—at no extra cost.

Think of the gesture. A timeless decanter presenting a whiskey so rare that if every

man in America were rationed to one highball a year, there still wouldn't be nearly enough to go around.

You won't find a grander gift anywhere.

Ready to give

Look for Lord Calvert's decanter in its handsome presentation box. No wrapping needed. Labels whisk off—and it's ready to give.



Same price as regular bottle.

MEDICINE

The A.M.A. & the Aged

For the nation's growing army of oldsters, most of whom cannot afford health insurance, a plan was offered last week by the A.M.A.'s Council on Medical Service. Patterned after programs now available only in limited areas under local Blue Shield auspices, it would encourage a nationwide system of low-cost, prepaid voluntary health insurance for oldsters below a certain income level (not yet determined). To make the plan work, physicians must agree to accept lower-than-usual fees for their services to such



Associated Press

GP COFFIN
Seven days in the week.

patients. The all-powerful House of Delegates approved the plan unanimously, thus put the A.M.A. on record as urging its 176,000 members to get behind it.

Other briefs from the A.M.A.'s annual clinical meetings in Minneapolis last week: ¶ As General Practitioner of the Year, who rates a gold medal, the delegates chose Dr. Lonnie Alfonso Coffin, 68, of Farmington, Iowa, who has been practicing there for 44 years, ten of them as the town's only physician, and eight of them since he had a heart attack. "I practice," said he, "seven days a week and whenever I'm needed."

¶ A "remarkable new lung disease," for which no cause has been found, was described in an exhibit mounted by the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. Called pulmonary alveolar proteinosis (because protein-like particles are deposited in the lungs' alveoli, or air sacs), it has been found in 27 patients, all but one in the last three years. Sometimes heralded by fever, it is usually marked by labored breathing, a cough and chest pain, while in X rays the lungs look waterlogged. Nine patients have died, five

have improved, the rest show no change.

¶ Patients whose lives are threatened by bleeding ulcers and who may need massive blood transfusions can be saved by a chilling technique worked out by the University of Minnesota's Department of Surgery, reported its chief, Dr. Owen H. Wangensteen. The patient swallows a balloon through which a frigid (21° F.) solution of alcohol and water is circulated. The chilling cuts down blood flow, and also the secretion of gastric juices to a negligible level so that they can no longer digest the stomach wall at the ulcer site. In ten patients it has taken an average of 25 cold-stomach hours to stop the bleeding.

Neurotics at Heart

With seeming good reason, the New England train conductor worried about his heart. For ten years he had lived with a diagnosis of coronary artery disease, "confirmed" by several doctors. He was retired and lived on workers' compensation. But the diagnosis was deceptive. The conductor happened to be one of an unknown number of Americans who so fear heart trouble that they feel the symptoms without ever having the disease. In fact, the conductor's "illness" meant so much to him that he lived for nothing else. When doctors later could find no heart disease and cut off his compensation, the patient died suddenly—apparently a suicide.

"Cardiac neurosis" is more widespread than laymen—or many doctors—realize. In the A.M.A. *Journal* three specialists report on a six-year study of 27 New England patients (including the conductor). All complained of chronic chest pains; all were exhaustively studied and found free of physical heart disease. To most of them, neurotics at heart, this was not really news; they had already had this word from several doctors. Such unsatisfactory verdicts sent them to still other doctors until they got the grave diagnoses they wanted.

In contrast with patients who had real heart disease but often denied any pain, the neurotics persistently described the most severe symptoms. They identified themselves with genuine heart-disease victims ranging from relatives to President Eisenhower. They also showed "a high degree of secondary gain"—profiting from their imagined ailments, they got warm family sympathy and financial help, which released them from pressures and responsibility.

When told the bad news that their health was good, the neurotics angrily refused to believe it. One man went so far as to collect notarized statements from numerous friends to prove his continued pain. Another rushed off to a second VA hospital, succeeded in getting back his angina pectoris status (and Government compensation). Advanced cardiac neurotics, concluded the doctors, cannot give up their way of life. It may

even be dangerous to disillusion them, and best to go on treating them as real heart patients. In fact, "their eventual incapacity equals [that from] the most serious type of heart disease."

The Big Meal

At 19, Sharry Rubin was an up-and-coming TV actress (such shows as *Playhouse 90* and *Armstrong Circle Theater*), and keeping her 5-ft.-5-in. frame down to a model-shapely 100 lbs. Daughter of a New York City leather-goods manufacturer, Sharry had emotional problems that sent her to a psychiatrist and may have helped her vivid portrayal of a disturbed teen-ager in *The Case for Room 310*. One morning last month, at her



UPI

SHARRY RUBIN
Four quarts in the stomach.

family's home in Hewlett Harbor, L.I., Sharry Rubin sought emotional satisfaction, probably for an unconscious need, by gorging herself. She put away the equivalent of three full meals, including a lot of meat. In midafternoon she was admitted to Meadowbrook Hospital with crippling abdominal pain; early in the evening, when doctors were about to operate, she died.

Last week Nassau County's Medical Examiner Leslie Lukash told why. Sharry Rubin's bloated stomach had refused—possibly because of her emotional tension—to empty through its lower outlet. The excess food digesting in the stomach drew in fluid and built up a powerful back pressure. As Sharry made violent but vain efforts to release this pressure by vomiting, it burst the upper part of the stomach. The contents (more than 4 qts.) began to spill into the abdominal cavity, causing peritonitis.

Spontaneous stomach rupture sometimes follows overdosing with sodium bicarbonate, but is uncommon from any cause. A case like Sharry Rubin's is rare indeed.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Best of the Year

For automakers, still trying to gauge the market for 1959 models, the news last week was the best of the year. During the last ten days of November, dealers sold an average 18,400 cars a day, the fastest-selling pace of '58. This was 13.7% over the midpoint and some 57% over the first ten days. For December as a whole sales are forecast at 450,000, up from 292,000 in October and an estimated 368,000 in November.

Encouraged by the news from the sales floors, automakers last week concentrated on stepping up production. Though Chrysler Corp. suffered a 14% drop in output because of labor troubles, General Motors scheduled a rise of 25%, Ford 21%. Not until dealers have all the cars they want, sometime in January, will automakers know whether the present spurt is temporary or the signal of a good year ahead. Only then will the industry know whether auto sales can avoid the sharp dip of last January (*see chart*), when the auto recession really bit in.

For other businessmen the sales news last week was also good. The Commerce Department disclosed that independent wholesalers' sales hit \$11.2 billion in October, up from \$10.3 billion in September. It was the second consecutive month in which wholesalers surpassed 1957 sales. Retailing news was just as good. In October retailers racked up \$17 billion, back all the way to pre-recession records of mid-1957.

The rising sales have checked the drastic cutting of inventories, one of the heaviest pressures on the economy. Man-

ufacturers' inventories of finished goods in October held to the same \$48.9 billion level as September, the first month since August 1957 that manufacturers did not cut stocks. Instead of living off their stocks, as they had been for a year, businessmen were stepping up their buying again. One immediate result was a lessening of unemployment. The Labor Department reported that employment picked up in most of the nation's major industrial centers last month. Six areas were removed from the substantial unemployment list (Indianapolis, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Fort Worth, Dayton, Hamilton, Middletown, Ohio, and Columbus, Ga.), leaving 83, lowest since last March.

Tough Talk at N.A.M.

"I know of no time in our country's history when the forces of intelligent conservatism have been in greater danger of obliteration." So said Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield in the major speech before the National Association of Manufacturers' 63rd annual congress. In the kind of rousing talk that N.A.M. members like to hear, Summerfield warned that "America today teeters on the precipice of a labor-bossed Congress," was sure that President Eisenhower will propose legislation to protect workers "from exploitation by unscrupulous and corrupt union bosses." Unless antitrust law principles are applied to the "labor-boss monopoly" and businessmen become active in politics, he said, government and "heaven forbid, eventually perhaps the White House itself" may be dominated "by a militant group of labor union bosses."

The 2,000 delegates, meeting in Manhattan, also heard some talk that pleased them less. Lebanon's Charles Malik, president of the U.N. General Assembly, and Carlos Romulo, Philippine Ambassador to Washington, both declared that the U.S. is losing prestige in the eyes of other nations. Malik said that "the number of countries which either vote against or abstain with respect to texts sponsored or supported by the U.S. has been on the increase in recent years." Said Romulo, a longtime friend of the U.S.: "The once ingrained belief in the Asian mind of the invincibility, the superiority and the invulnerability of the West is gone, forgotten." The U.S., he said, has lost much Asian good will by confusing "legitimate nationalism" with Communism.

A more direct attack on the U.S. Government was made by Ian F. McRae, board chairman of Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., and president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association. Apparently smarting from a recent Justice Department antitrust suit against General Electric Co. involving the company's Canadian subsidiary, McRae lashed out at the U.S. for continually "interfering in one way or another with the operation of U.S.-owned companies in Canada," criticized U.S. tariff policies. Said he: "Cana-



Ben Martin

N.A.M.'s HOPE
"We are not reactionary."

dian products, with few exceptions, are rigorously excluded from the rich American market by your high tariffs."

Compared to all the hot talk, the opinions of incoming N.A.M. President Stanley C. Hope, 65, one-time president of Esso Standard Oil Co., were calm and restrained. A native of Springfield, Mass., Hope was president of an oil-equipment company before joining Esso, after his retirement last July joined SoundScriber Corp. of New Haven, Conn., as president — on a three-day-a-week basis.

At a press conference, Hope said that both labor and management are to blame for their wrangles, added that right now the nation's labor laws "are in pretty good shape." Said Hope: "The quicker we convince the public we are not a reactionary organization, the better it will be for N.A.M."

T.W.A. Settles

Trans World Airlines last week settled its 16-day strike, but the labor fog continued to swirl thickly around other major U.S. airlines. After a marathon negotiating conference in Kansas City, Mo., T.W.A. agreed on a three-year pact that will give its 6,700 mechanics a total wage increase of 44¢ an hour (to \$2.95 in the pact's third year), just about what National Airlines settled for two weeks ago. Back into the air this week went T.W.A.'s fleet of 199 planes.

A few other airlines flew into clearer weather—at least for the time being. Thirty-three stewardesses on Lake Central Airlines, a small Midwest feeder line, ended an eleven-day walkout after winning a 20% wage hike and increased expense allowances. Pan American World Airways averted immediate trouble when



the Transport Workers Union unexpectedly promised not to hamper Pan Am with walkouts or slowdowns while negotiations for a new contract are in progress. Northeast Airlines escaped a strike by reaching an accord with the International Association of Machinists, keeping the terms secret until after ratification by the union membership.

At Eastern Air Lines, struck by both mechanics and flight engineers, no settlement was in sight after two weeks of shutdown. The mechanics, who want a 49¢-an-hour pay boost, last week turned down as "totally unacceptable" an Eastern offer to meet its demands because Eastern did not include sufficient retroactive provisions or agree to change working conditions. Eastern's flight engineers, who originally walked out to protest the company's requirement that they take flight training before serving on jet planes, switched to striking for higher wages and better working conditions after a court enjoined them from striking on the flight-training issue. At week's end negotiations had been broken off, and union officials were warning their members to dig in for a long strike.

American Airlines kept its planes aloft in the face of a threatened pilot strike only by protection of a court order. The order forbade the pilots to strike before this week, when the court was to decide whether it will make its injunction permanent. But the very threat of strike, charged American, had hurt its business by causing travelers to switch to other lines or other transportation. In the first request in airline history for reparations in a nonstrike period, American asked the court to force the pilots to pay \$90,000 daily in damages since Nov. 22, when its members planned to quit work. If the pilots strike, American wants \$850,000 a day in damages.

AUTOMATION

National Cashes In

When it comes to automation, U.S. department stores still slouch around in the Ice Age. This week the biggest of them all, Manhattan's Macy's, announced a deal with National Cash Register Co. for the first major automated system. Due to start whirring in 1961, the \$1,000,000 system will speed Macy's customer-account billing 25-fold. By punching a few buttons on a keyboard, operators can register each of Macy's 40,000 daily charge sales on tape, which is later fed to a computer. It sorts the bills, tots them up, prepares the bills for the customer, registers the return payments. Macy's may even extend N.C.R.'s system to inventory control, get daily reports on everything in stock, be able to increase its return on investment by 10% to 15%. Says N.C.R. Chairman Stanley Charles ("Chick") Allyn, 67: "The stage is set for a revolutionary change in the handling of paper-work."

Millions for Research. The breakthrough at Macy's is the result of a major advance at venerable N.C.R., the



N.C.R.'S ALLYN
"A revolutionary change."

world's No. 1 maker of cash registers and No. 2 maker of office equipment (after International Business Machines), N.C.R. is hustling to expand beyond mechanical to electronic machines. In this fiercely competitive field, N.C.R. started long after IBM, Remington Rand or Burroughs; its real push began only in 1952, when N.C.R. bought the small Computer Research Corp. of Hawthorne, Calif. (TIME, Oct. 6, 1952). Since then it has moved fast, boosted its research and development bill from \$2,600,000 (1.1% of sales) to \$14 million (3.6% of sales). This year's heavy research outlay is the chief reason

why earnings will dip from last year's \$18 million to about \$15 million, on expected sales of some \$400 million.

N.C.R.'s restless research has brought some exciting new inventions, such as a carbonless carbon paper (chemically coated sheets that reproduce type on impact). While working on this, N.C.R. discovered a method of enclosing liquid in microscopic gelatin capsules, thus making a liquid look and act like a solid. So treated, castor oil becomes tasteless—because it is covered with gelatin. More than 1,000 companies are investigating the process to see if it can be used for their own products, and the Pentagon has contracted with National to "encapsulate" liquid rocket fuel so that it will pack the power of liquid propellant, yet have the handy convenience of a solid.

Brains for Banks. While N.C.R. hopes to cash in with these and other new specialty products, Allyn feels that the big market is for small computers and automated office equipment for small as well as big companies. He is willing to let IBM and Remington Rand dominate the market for huge scientific computers while he guides N.C.R.'s research into the broader market for smaller business computers. "We're aiming for fields where we can sell more than one computer," says Allyn. "We would rather make the Chevrolet than the Rolls-Royce."

Last year N.C.R. announced an automation system for banks, the first such system for "the world's biggest bookkeeping job"—the handling of ten billion checks (total amount: \$2.5 trillion) cashed yearly in the U.S. In N.C.R.'s system, which soon will go to work in banks, each check is imprinted with code numbers that identify the bank, the signer, the number of the transaction. Sorting

TIME CLOCK

FOREIGN INVESTMENT guarantees, by which Government insures private U.S. investments abroad against expropriation or war (TIME, July 28), are due for big expansion. Administration will ask to boost maximum Government coverage from \$500 million to \$1 billion; Congress is favorably disposed because program, instead of losing money, actually has put \$3,000,000 in Treasury.

AIRMAIL SUBSIDIES, which have been declining since Korean war, will jump by \$10,455,000 to \$61,786,000 in fiscal 1960. More than 75% of total will go to local feeder airlines.

SHOE PRICES will rise as much as 10% this spring, say makers. Men's shoes will feel the pinch most.

AIRCRAFT EXCHANGE, INC. will be set up as a clearinghouse to match buyers and sellers of the 4,000 piston planes that are expected to go on the block in next five years. The founder, former American Airlines Executive Robert Helliesen, hopes

exchange will also be able to put potential buyers in touch with lending agencies for necessary financing.

LONGEST ROAD TUNNEL in world will be carved through Mont Blanc in the Alps, will run seven miles between Italy and France, cut road distance from Paris to Milan by 194 miles. Cost: \$31.6 million.

EASIER CREDIT will be offered to smaller companies. Small Business Administration formerly handled only loans to firms with fewer than 500 employees. But with new ruling under Small Business Investment Act, which made \$250 million available in credit (TIME, June 9), almost any business is eligible if it has assets of less than \$5,000,000, annual profits less than \$150,000.

EXOTIC FUEL DEAL will link Dow Chemical with U.S. Borax (TIME, June 10, 1957) to research ways for economic manufacture of boron trichloride, used in high-energy Space Age fuels.



Albert Fenn—Life

Commuter's Friend

BEN HEINEMAN

IT seemed as if the only friend the hapless suburban commuter had last week was a bold, brainy lawyer who started in the railroad business a mere four years ago. The man: Ben Walter Heineman, 44, chairman of the 9,096-mile Chicago & North Western Railway, which inaugurated a new commuter plan that could well serve as a guide to troubled roads across the U.S. They sorely needed help. Last week the Lehigh Valley Railroad moaned that it was going broke from its \$4,000,000-to-\$5,000,000-a-year passenger deficit in commuter-heavy New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, said it would ask the Interstate Commerce Commission to let it end all passenger service. A few days later the Lackawanna Railroad threatened to drop all New Jersey passenger runs unless it was excused from paying property taxes.

The North Western's Heineman firmly believes that, in the Jet Age, "the long-haul passenger business has no future—it is dead." But he also preaches that short-haul commuter service can be both efficient and profitable.

First, though, many roadblocks must be cleared away. "Too many commuters," says Heineman, "use the train only when weather is bad, but drive their own cars to town when the weather is good. Well, if they want a \$1,000,000 piece of equipment to be waiting at the station for them every day, they had better pay for it every day." The Heineman plan aims to turn the fair-weather riders into faithful, fulltime riders. To do it, the North Western more than doubled prices of one-way tickets for close-in riders, thus making it costly to be an irregular, close-in commuter. But it scaled down the increase so that there was no change in fares for far-out riders and little change in monthly tickets. Heineman promised a much faster ride for the extra money.

Ntimes past, North Western commuter trains were slowed down by the necessity of making a multitude of stops within the city, many of them less than a mile apart. Heineman closed 28 stations within Chicago and the close-in suburbs. While the line thus lost 3,000 close-in passengers, it guaranteed better service to its 43,000 far-out commuters, cut their riding time to the Loop by one to 15 minutes.

For a final touch Heineman tossed

out the ticket-punching system that has become a symbol of the commuter. So many commuters were slipping past the conductor because he was too busy to punch their tickets on crowded trains that the North Western was done out of \$580,000 yearly. Commuters will now carry "flash" tickets, which clip to the back of the seat, are color-coded so the conductor can tell at a glance where each rider must get off.

SOME veterans of the tradition-bound railroad industry are wagering that Ben Heineman's commuter plan will fall flat—and a few are quietly hoping it will, since Heineman is not one of their up-from-the-roundhouse breed. The son of a wealthy Wausau, Wis., lumberman who went broke in the Depression, Heineman studied law at Northwestern University ('36), set up practice in Chicago. In 1954, invited in by dissident investors, he won an acrimonious proxy war for control of the little Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, boosted earnings fast. In 1956, with one-third of its stock in his control, Heineman went after the much bigger but shaky North Western, was invited in by the board as chairman. A few hours after taking over, Heineman left on a six-week, 9,000-mile tour along North Western's tracks. He learned that what was needed was radical modernization. He chopped the North Western's managerial deadwood, hired bright young railroad pros. He brought in modern bookkeeping machines and mechanized track-laying equipment, completely dieselized the line. He also became the foremost critic of union featherbedding in rails, trimmed his own payrolls from 26,300 to 18,500—but was a shrewd enough labor negotiator to avoid a full-scale strike.

Heineman's fresh ideas and heavy investments have just begun to pay in 1958, a bad year for many another railroad. In the first six months the North Western lost \$3,322,000. But then the North Western turned around, brought in ten-month earnings of \$3,440,000—despite the \$2,000,000-a-year commuter deficit. So confident is Heineman that his new commuter plan will turn red ink to black that he has ordered 36 new, air-conditioned, 161-passenger commuter coaches at a cost of \$5,600,000. Says Ben Heineman: "If we can provide a fast, reliable, comfortable ride, then people will ride the suburban railroad, and read the papers and relax in preference to beating their brains out against traffic. It is our conviction that by using ingenuity we can do the job."

machines, which N.C.R. developed jointly with Pitney-Bowes and General Electric, then use electronic eyes to "read" code numbers, sort checks or deposit slips at the rate of 7,500 per hour v. 500 by hand. Then, using N.C.R.'s Post-Tronic, which is already in use, the checks are posted to the bank's records and the customer's account. In only two years, 800 U.S. banks have invested more than \$40 million for 3,434 Post-Tronic units, boosting N.C.R.'s machine sales by 5%.

By 1960 the system will be enlarged to automate almost all banking office work. Coming out next year is a new unit that will print the dollar amount of each check in magnetic ink. Checks will not only be sorted electronically, but added up as well. By 1960, N.C.R. will add still other units to electronically sort and record virtually all money movements in the bank and with other automated banks.

Favors for Foreigners. N.C.R. still rings up almost half its gross on the trusty mechanical cash register—a rapidly changing device itself. A year ago, N.C.R. put on the market a \$2,000 register that automatically calculates change from a transaction, dispenses the coins. Around the world, 4,500,000 N.C.R. registers are in daily use.

To businessmen abroad, N.C.R. is as well known as Coca-Cola, and so is Chairman Chick Allyn, an articulate advocate of freer trade who has served as U.S. representative on the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe and UNESCO. Allyn can really document the value of free trade. In 104 foreign countries, N.C.R. employs 22,000 (of whom only six are Americans), draws 40% of its sales and 50% of its profits—much of them reinvested abroad. "We often adapt our production to individual foreign needs," says Allyn. "In the Middle East, they want to do bookkeeping in Arabic. So we made a machine that works in Arabic, writes from right to left using 72 characters, variations on characters and figures. Now we have all the Mideast business in our pocket." To keep atop the foreign market, Allyn leaves his Dayton office for about 40,000 miles of round-the-world travel yearly, usually accompanied by N.C.R.'s President Richard Schantz Oelman, 49. Says Allyn: "If I did not travel, I'd probably say 'No' to every suggestion. It would have been easy to sit at home in Dayton and say we don't need bookkeeping machines in Arabic."

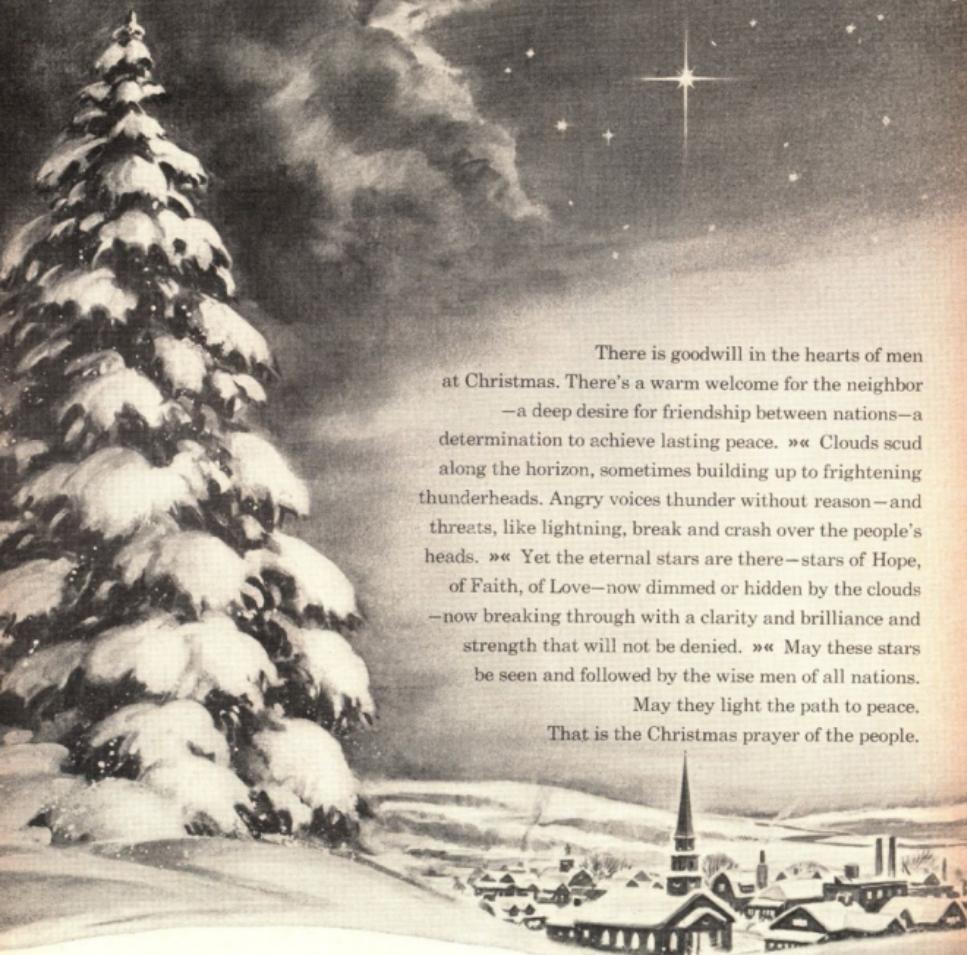
SHIPPING

Doria's Daughter

Only eleven days after the *Andrea Doria* sank off Nantucket two years ago, the state-controlled Italian Line decided to commission Genoa's great Ansaldo shipyards to build a replacement. This week the *Doria's* nearly completed successor, the \$30 million *Leonardo da Vinci*, slid down the ways.

Like the *Doria* and her sister postwar ship from the Ansaldo yards, the *Cristoforo Colombo*, the *Leonardo* upholds the Italian reputation for style and tourist-

There are stars in the sky
as well as thunder and lightning



There is goodwill in the hearts of men at Christmas. There's a warm welcome for the neighbor —a deep desire for friendship between nations—a determination to achieve lasting peace. »« Clouds scud along the horizon, sometimes building up to frightening thunderheads. Angry voices thunder without reason—and threats, like lightning, break and crash over the people's heads. »« Yet the eternal stars are there—stars of Hope, of Faith, of Love—now dimmed or hidden by the clouds —now breaking through with a clarity and brilliance and strength that will not be denied. »« May these stars be seen and followed by the wise men of all nations.

May they light the path to peace.
That is the Christmas prayer of the people.

CHRISTMAS 1958 • BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK

Once more we reprint this now familiar prayer of ours, exactly as it was written eleven years ago.



**WHEN
YOU
BUILD**

select your
Electrical Contractor
with the same care
you select
your Architect,
your Engineer,
your Builder.

The importance of electricity in modern retailing is tremendous. Example: one dollar out of every ten spent in the construction of today's retail stores is for the electrical content of the building.

NECA

National Electrical Contractors Association

610 RING BUILDING, WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

catching comfort, from her rakishly angled superstructure to her 536 cabins equipped with individually controlled air conditioning and infra-red heat, and her retractable stabilizer fins for smoother steaming in rough weather. Planned for 1,300 passengers, compared to the *Doria*'s 1,290, the *Leonardo* at 32,000 tons and 760 ft. is 10% heavier and longer. The extra weight is accounted for by safety precautions, including additional compartmenting of the hull. The *Doria* sank when three of its twelve compartments were flooded; the *Da Vinci* will float with three of its 15 compartments flooded. When the *Leonardo* goes into service in 1960, Italy expects to have a powerful new dollar earner as the flagship of her already prosperous fleet.

At Kure, Japan, the onetime Japanese Imperial Naval Yard, now operated by U.S. Tanker Tycoon Daniel K. Ludwig's National Bulk Carriers, Inc., launched the world's largest tanker, the 104,500-ton (loaded) *Universe Apollo*. The first of five planned supertankers, the *Universe* surpasses the largest previous bulk carriers, Ludwig's 85,000-ton tankers. With a length of 950 ft. and a beam of 135 ft., *Universe Apollo* is the widest merchant ship afloat, and the third longest (ranking after the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*).

World Boycott

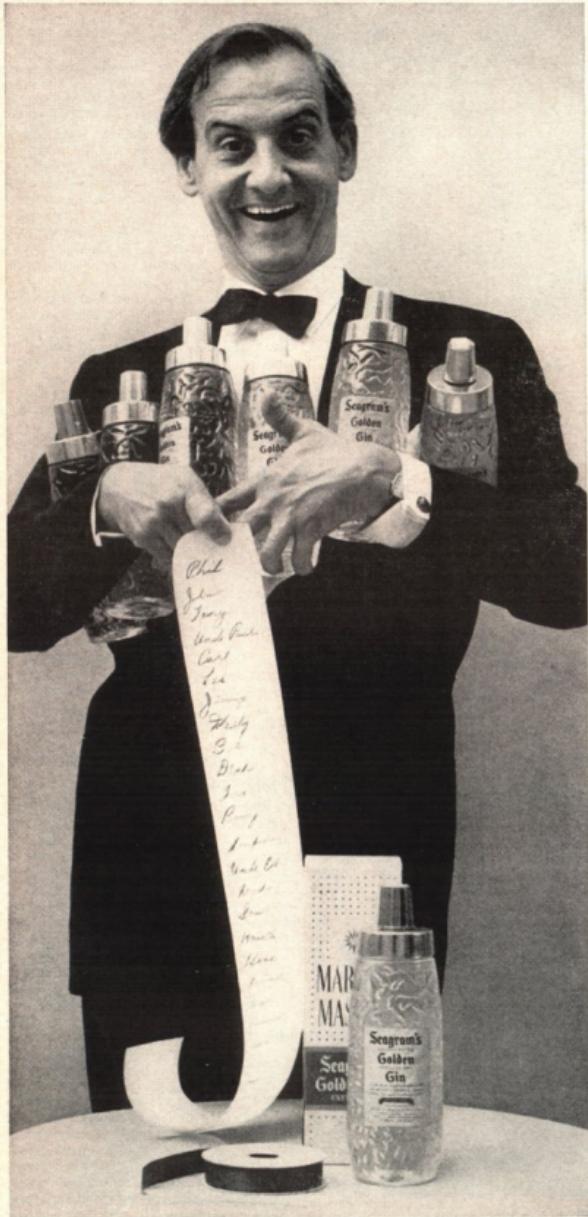
From Portland, Ore. to Piraeus, seamen last week staged a four-day international boycott against ships flying the flags of Panama, Liberia, Honduras and Costa Rica, which, taken together, form the world's fastest-growing merchant fleet (717 in 1951, 1,695 today). The boycott, sponsored by the International Transport Workers' Federation, which claims 200 affiliates in 62 nations with 7,000,000 members, was the start of a campaign to harass owners of "convenience" or "runaway" flag vessels, so called because the PanLibHonCo nations levy negligible taxes, have lower labor and safety standards than the U.S. and other leading maritime nations. An estimated 45% of all the convenience-flag vessels are controlled by U.S. citizens, 45% by Greeks, 10% by other nationals.

In all parts of the world, except the U.S. and Canada, the boycott turned out to be little more than a token effort to dramatize how the convenience-flag vessels have cost seamen in seafaring countries thousands of jobs. While the I.T.W. estimated that around 200 vessels were hit by the boycott, the number was lower; about 125 ships were affected in the U.S., eight in Canada, 30 in Europe and the rest of the world.

High Wages. Even so, the boycott was more of a success than a failure. In the U.S. 16 unions, including the National Maritime Union, the Seafarers' International Union and James R. Hoffa's Teamsters, banded together to tie up PanLibHonCo ships, primarily in East Coast and Southern ports.

U.S. owners say that they would like

TIME, DECEMBER 15, 1958



Give
Seagram's Gin
in the
Martini Master
to all your
friends...
including you!

For the man who (as the Yuletide ads say) has EVERYTHING, we have invented a new Something.

It is the Martini Master (with easy-to-remove label). And notice how it glows invitingly with 94 proof Seagram's Golden Gin. Buy it yourself... or hint broadly. And don't forget your friends!

The rewards, obviously are *double*. Not only do you get the famous improved gin that revitalized the martini, but you can stir as you never stirred before: Stir in a handsome antiqued glass Martini Master with screw-on strainer top! Stir with the pride of re-creating the martini from scratch into *smooth*, from damp into *dry*, from prose into poetry!

The Martini Master, to the chagrin of our company treasurer, is available to you at no extra cost. As a result, however, it is emphatically in limited supply.

Now 94 proof at no increase in price

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 94 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

TIME, DECEMBER 15, 1958

nothing better than to run their ships under the U.S. flag and manned by U.S. seamen. But they claim that high U.S. wages and taxes force them to fly foreign flags to compete in the international market. It costs \$44,000 per month to run a U.S.-flag Liberty ship, \$19,000 per month for a Liberian-flag Liberty ship. U.S. tax law requires a vessel to be amortized over 20 years, whereas convenience-flag ships usually do it in ten. The U.S. Maritime Administration recognizes these economic facts of life, tacitly encourages U.S. owners to build and operate ships under foreign flags, since they would be available to the U.S. in war.

Legal Tangles. At week's end, partially as a result of the attacks on the Pan-LibHonCo nations, Costa Rica canceled the registration of 128 foreign-owned ships in arrears on tax payments, said it would go ahead with plans to abandon all convenience-flag registration at the end of this month. Greek shipowners agreed to negotiate with the Greek seamen's union for more jobs; U.S. unions said that they will continue to boycott.

This raises the prospect of involved legal tangles in U.S. courts. Last week, when American and Greek owners of foreign-flag vessels sought injunctions to halt picketing, judges differed on what rights they were entitled to. Wrote London's *Financial Times*: "The international labour boycott is a dangerous and, in principle, undesirable practise; on the other hand, these shipowners have deliberately put themselves outside national loyalties and cannot claim their protection. They cannot ask for the benefit of responsibilities they do not accept, or of taxes they do not pay."

TOYS

Models to Mars

In his office at Convair in San Diego last week, Space Age Planner Kraft A. Ehrcke inspected the first 20-in.-long model of Helios,* a chemical and nuclear spaceship he envisions for interplanetary travel. For two hours Ehrcke mused over his Helios with three visitors, while he suggested minute changes in the model's engine, then gave his O.K. for its production. A full-size prototype of Ehrcke's spaceship may be ten years and millions of dollars away. But next year plastic model kits of Helios, ready to assemble, will be in the hands of schoolboys around the world. Price: \$1.98.

Helios is the latest model of Revell, Inc. of Venice, Calif., the world's largest maker of plastic model kits (nearly 30 million sold last year), whose retail sales have rocketed from \$2,250,000 to \$35 million in only ten years. Says Revell's 41-year-old President Lewis H. Glaser: "Assembling models is the nation's leading hobby. It even beats stamp collecting." This year total model kit sales will



Glaser—Howard

GLASER & MOON ROCKET
Ready to fly around the world.

account for \$75 million of the \$1.5 billion spent on toys. Among Revell's new models for Christmas buying: a three-stage manned rocket to the moon (price: \$1.98) and a Jupiter-C intermediate-range missile (price \$1.98). To attract girls, there will be \$1.98 life-size models of Walt Disney's squirrel Perri, a tiny koala bear and a beagle puppy, each with three bags of fur and a sprayer to apply the coat.

Making Them Real. The key factor behind Revell's success is the models' authenticity. To achieve it, Revell employs an intelligence network in 70 countries where the company's models are sold. When Revell decided to produce the then-secret Russian Yak-25, a jet fighter (nickname: the Flashlight), it collected photos and details from overseas clients, got everything but the plane's landing gear. Relying on their study of other Red aircraft, Revell's engineers designed the



Associated Press
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* Helios was the Greek god of the sun, but according to Ehrcke the word stands for "heteropowered earth-launched interorbital spacecraft."

Yak's landing gear as they figured the Russians would. Four months later, an official Soviet photo proved Revell's design correct.

Getting current U.S. weapons into model production sometimes is just as hard. Revell engineers hunted for information and photos so diligently for the Lockheed F-104 Starfighter model that when Revell forwarded its drawings to the company for approval, they were too authentic; a secret stamp was slapped on them until the Air Force cleared vital details a month later. For the Russian T-34 tank model, Revell badgered the Israeli army into sending drawings and details of Soviet T-34s the Egyptians had abandoned in the Sinai desert in 1956.

A Washer & Maxwell. Revell got into models in 1947, when President Glaser, who had tried his hand at radio repair work and plastics fabrication, decided to make a "detailed and authentic" plastic toy washing machine. It sold well, but his first big hit did not come until 1950, when Glaser put out a copy of the old Maxwell auto, made famous by Comedian Jack Benny, sold \$800,000. Glaser added the battleship *Missouri* (still the most successful, with 2,040,000 kits sold), launched his own 89¢ version of the atomic submarine *Nautilus* in 1953 six months before General Dynamics Corp. Other bestsellers this year: the Bomarc antiaircraft missile (457,000 kits) and the Talos missile (443,000 kits sold since its October introduction). All are intended to be "tough but rewarding to builders from age six on up." Surprisingly, adults make up 40% of the kit market. Says Glaser: "We lose most boys at about age 15; they turn to other hobbies such as girls. But then they marry, and as soon as they have a six-year-old boy we get them back."

AGRICULTURE

Holy \$24,135 Cow

When Chuck Wood Jr., 17, first caught sight of the Aberdeen-Angus calf on his father's Iowa farm 14 months ago, his practiced eye told him it had the build of a potential champ. He exclaimed "Holy cow!" The calf, duly named Holy Cow, was given to Wood to care for. Last week, Holy Cow, grown to a 925-lb. steer, won the grand championship in the Chicago International Livestock Exposition. Wood collected \$1,010 in prize money, plus \$23,125 from Restaurant Owner Howard Johnson Jr. who bought the steer at auction and will use it to promote his roadside chain.

To many cattlemen the proof of cattle quality is not in blue ribbons but in butchering. Last week 296 steers that had entered the judging rings live were re-judged in the cooler. Results: of 81 steers that took honors on the hoof, only 33 met the test as meat (chief disqualification: excessive fat, too little lean). The top carcass honors went to a lean-hipped 749-lb. Aberdeen-Angus, entered by Larry McKee, 17, of Varna, Ill., that had not won even an honorable mention in the ring.



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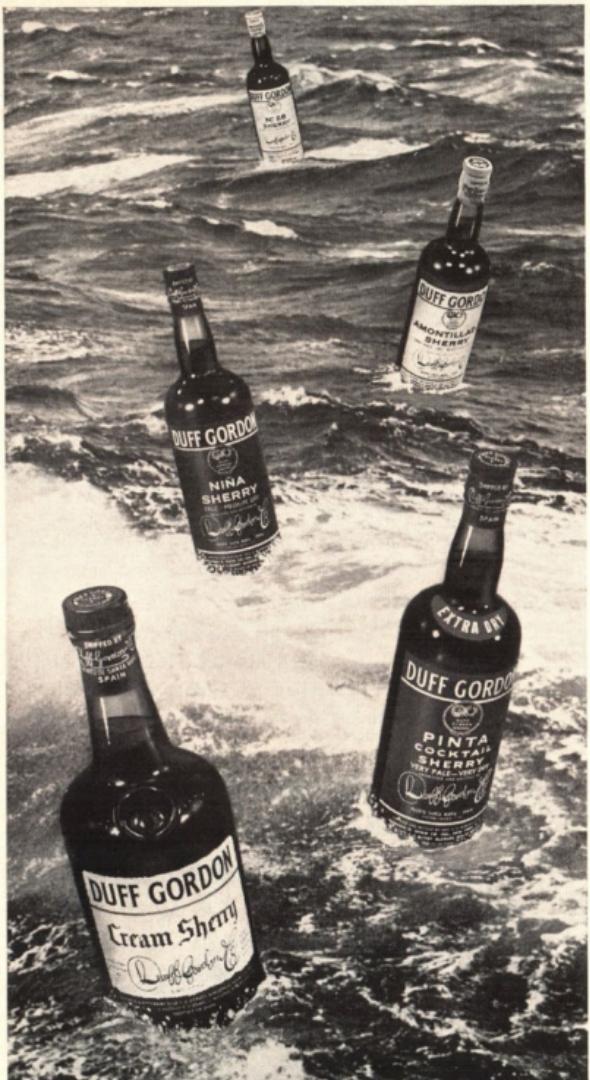
Born. To Princess Shahnaz, 18, daughter of Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi (by his first wife, Princess Fawzia, sister of ex-King Farouk of Egypt), and Ardashir Zahedi, 29, Utah-educated agricultural engineer, son of ex-Premier Fazlollah Zahedi; their first child, a daughter; in Teheran. Name: Princess Zahra Mahnaz. Weight: 6 lbs, 8 oz.

Born. To Suzanne Farrington, 24, daughter of Vivien Leigh (by her first marriage), and Robin Farrington, 30, insurance broker; a son. Actress Leigh's first grandchild; in London. Name: Neville Leigh. Weight: 8 lbs.

Married. John Edward Poynder Grigg, second Baron Altringham, 34, monarchist editor of the *National and English Review*, whose 1957 analysis of "The Monarchy Today" thoughtfully explored the Crown's position in a world where "republics are the rule," but earned him inglorious publicity for his choice of phrases about the Queen's speaking style ("a pain in the neck") and manner ("that of a priggish schoolgirl, captain of the hockey team"); and Marian Campbell, 27, editor of a youth magazine published by Altringham; in Tormarton, England.

Died. Sir Hubert Wilkins, 70, Australian flying explorer of the Arctic and Antarctic, adviser to the U.S. military on cold weather survival, who was knighted by George V for his 1928 flight of 2,200 miles across the Arctic icecap, three years later navigated a submarine named the *Nautilus* beneath the icecap in an unsuccessful attempt to reach the North Pole under water; in Framingham, Mass. Wilkins learned his first lessons in cryogeography on an Arctic expedition with Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who taught him "to work like a dog and then eat the dog." Sir Hubert's 1928 flight from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitsbergen—made with Carl Ben Eielson—was the first airplane flight from North America over the top of the globe to the European area; and the trip under the edge of the Arctic icecap in 1931 was cool enough to chill spines in 1958. A converted U.S. Navy sub, Wilkins' *Nautilus* had portholes, searchlights, a tusklike bowsprit "feeler," and sled runners above the deck for sliding along the bellies of ice fields. Above the conning tower was a device for cutting through the ice, so that Sir Hubert could open the hatch at the Pole and pop out on top of the world. Leaky, her propellers serrated by chunks of ice, the ship turned back, and a relieved world smiled. But last summer, when the nuclear-powered U.S.S. *Nautilus* followed in his wake and went on to the Pole, Sir Hubert Wilkins' face took on a Cheshire grin.

Died. José María Cardinal Caro Rodríguez, 92, Chilean Archbishop of Santiago, oldest member of the Sacred College of Cardinals; in Santiago.



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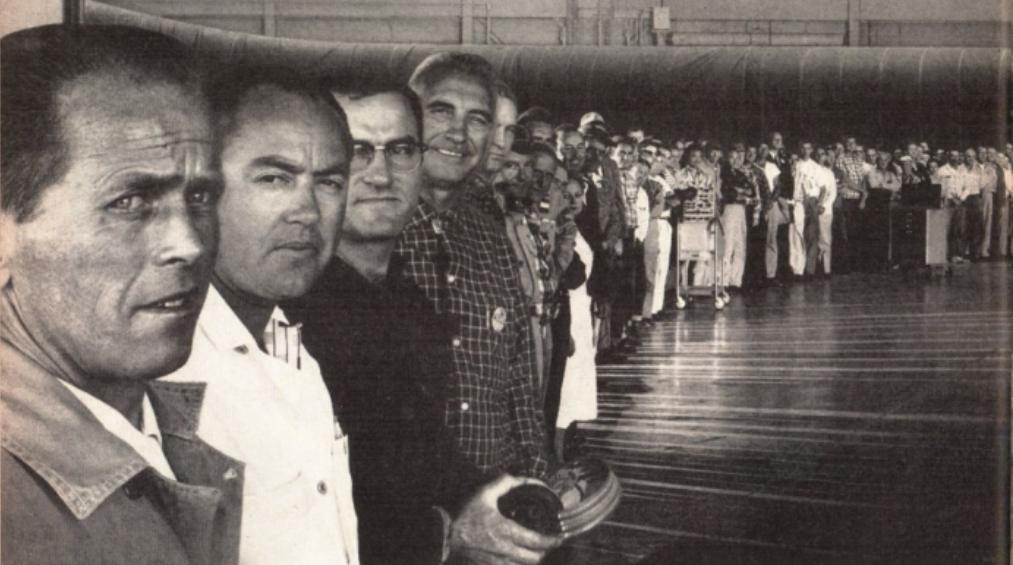
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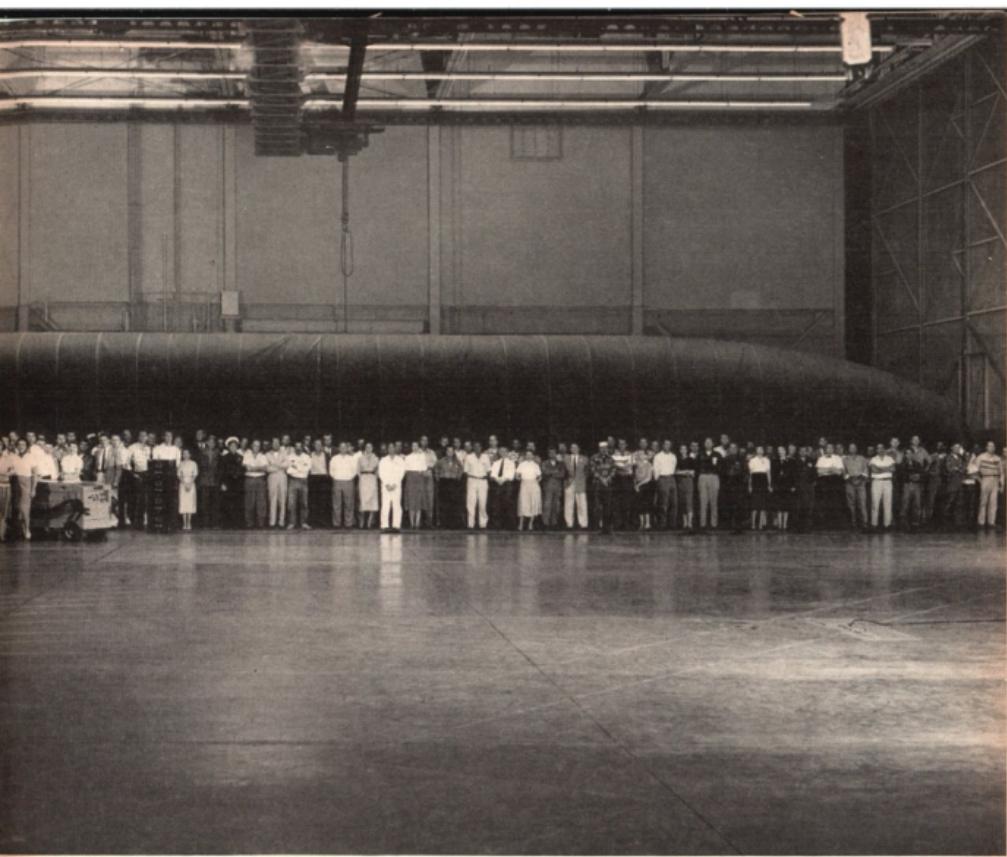
It will take the most exacting cooperation and coordination throughout the entire defense

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This plan divides the weapon system into subsystems. The B-70 has been divided into 16 of these systems, each of which will be awarded to a company whose experience and capacity make it outstanding in its field.

These major contractors will be completely responsible for everything about their systems, from engineering to construction. For much of the work, they will call upon the special skills of many other companies, large and small. They will deliver their systems to the Weapon System Manager (in this case, North American Aviation), who will complete the weapon system and deliver it to the Air Force.



used to build the first 2000 mph bomber

The F-108, a 2000-mph long-range interceptor for the Air Defense Command, is also being built this way.

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The Strategic Air Command has apt-

ly named its new bomber *Valkyrie*—after the maiden of Norse mythology who roamed the skies in her chariot, deciding the outcome of battles.

The B-70 will be a strategic weapon, a marriage of many of the best features of both missiles and manned aircraft. On its global missions it will skirt the fringes of Space at more than 2000 mph. It will carry elaborate countermeasures

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BOOKS

The Passion of Yurii Zhivago

(See Cover)

Under a white birch tree near a brook sat a young man writing poetry. Occasionally, when the words on paper somehow refused to echo the music in his mind, he wept. The place was Molodi, a village 38 miles from Moscow, and the time was the year of peace 1913. The quiet gardens surrounding his parents' summer house, legend had it, had once served as a battlefield for the Czar's Cossacks and Napoleon's retreating French. Near by, graves dotted the ground.

For nearly 50 years, during which most of his country and the world became a graveyard, the poet continued to write—and one of the things that shaped his vision was the contrast between the graves and his youth's calm summer landscape, the eternal tension between life and death. In *Doctor Zhivago*, one of this century's remarkable novels, Boris Pasternak carried that theme to its climax. With this embattled book he restored to the world the image of what Russia has long been, despite violence, madness and corruption—a preacher to the nations on the text of death and resurrection.

In Stockholm this week Boris Leonidovich Pasternak was to have received one of the world's great literary honors—the Nobel Prize. The elaborate ceremonies, honoring, among others, three Soviet scientists, were bound to be dominated by the man who was not there. According to a terse speech, prepared weeks ago, by Anders Österling, permanent secretary of the Swedish Academy, Boris Pasternak was chosen because of his "important achievement both in contemporary lyrical poetry and in the field of the great Russian epic tradition. Mr. Pasternak informed us that he does not wish to accept the prize. In view of these circumstances the Academy can only express its regrets."

The Territory of Conscience. In far-off Peredelkino, in his fir- and birch-engirded, two-story *dacha* 15 miles southwest of Moscow, Boris Pasternak was mute but not inglorious. Against the sky he could see silhouetted the blue, oniontop cupolas of the village Orthodox Church, symbol of the Christian faith that enables his hero, Dr. Yurii Zhivago, to endure the torment, humiliations, sins and tragedy of war and revolution. On the walls of his study glow the illustrations that his artist-father drew for *Resurrection* by the great Tolstoy, whom Boris Pasternak has called "the territory of conscience." On that territory he consecrated *Doctor Zhivago*.

"I had to write this book," he said weeks ago, before the Kremlin clamped down. "These 40 years of storm were calling for an incarnation." In his token submission to Nikita Khrushchev and *Pravda* (TIME, Nov. 10-17), Pasternak recanted not a line of his book, expressed not a moment's regret that it has been pub-

lished outside Russia. To a German reporter who saw him for a few moments after the Nobel announcement and the resulting political storm, Pasternak said: "I am sorry, I didn't want this to happen, all this noise . . . But I am glad I wrote this book." Months ago Pasternak had told friends: "Stockholm will never happen, since my government will never permit such an award to be given to me. This and much else is hard and sad. But it is these fatalities that give life weight and depth and gravity, and make it extraordinary—rapturous, magical, and real."

Pasternak has called his book's tremendous success the "Zhivago miracle," but the paradox of the Pasternak miracle is equally compelling. He is a stubborn man who is not really a martyr. He is an aggrieved man and yet not an avenger. He is a man without weapons, wielding "the irresistible power of unarmed truth." Most paradoxically of all, out of Communist Russia, a society that officially denies the existence of God, Pasternak has sent a deeply Christian statement of the condition of man, such as most writers of the professedly Christian West are too embarrassed or too unbelieving to make.

Beyond Politics. Around the world the name of Boris Pasternak, until recently familiar to few except fellow poets and literary specialists, has assumed a kind of magic. In U.S. book stores, *Zhivago*, the No. 1 bestseller, is periodically out of stock; U.S. sales to this week: 344,000 copies. The publisher (Pantheon) has a new printing of 430,000 copies scheduled, and the Book-of-the-Month Club is rushing *Zhivago* to its subscribers as an alternate choice. It has been translated into 17 languages; the book without a country will shortly span the globe. At least some clandestine copies of the book are being read in Russia, too.

Much of the West's interest in *Zhivago* is political. Inevitably, the book has been used as a weapon in the cold war. Inevitably, Moscow's refusal to let Pasternak accept the Nobel Prize and his denunciation by the hired hacks of the Animal Farm ("A black sheep in a good flock," "a pig," "a snake") have alienated intellectuals outside Russia—even India's Nehru protested directly to Khrushchev. But to assess the book primarily in political terms would be making a major error about *Doctor Zhivago* and about Boris Pasternak. The bitter criticism of Marxism cannot be missed, and Pasternak obviously wrote exactly what he wanted to write. But he also says: "My novel was not intended to be a political pamphlet. I wanted to show life as it is, in all its wealth and intensity. In the West they always quote the same two or three pages of my work. Have they read the rest? I am not a propagandist. This is not the meaning of my novel."

That meaning is manifold. *Zhivago* is a historical novel of "Russia's terrible years," bearing witness to the sufferings of the Russian people. It is also a novel of Christian humanism that opposes the ma-

PASTERNAK IN HIS STUDY

terialism of both East and West, affirms the sanctity of every man's soul under God. It is a novel in praise of the continuity of life, which for Pasternak means resurrection. It is, finally, a novel dedicated to the primacy of the individual and his private life in defiance of superstition, of groupthink, of social and ideological regimentation. If this is a devastating indictment of the essence of Communism, it is by implication equally critical of much that is currently lodged in Western habits of thought; for the book flatly pits the individual against "adjustment to the group," the soul's need against economic need, the organic against the mechanical.

Bury the Living. In strictly literary terms, *Doctor Zhivago* is an extraordinary novel, but it is not a great one. It is riddled by implausible coincidences, cluttered with distracting minor characters, shamelessly melodramatic. With the exception of Dr. Zhivago, none of the major characters are developed much beyond the point of abstraction. Even the doctor exists more as a luminous conscience than a physical presence; all the reader is ever told of his appearance is that he is tall and has "a snub nose and an unremarkable face." As for the novel's structure, it is like an endless railway journey in which the reader sometimes waits yawningly for the next station of the plot. Yet these defects mask virtues. Coincidence is the logic of destiny, and Dr. Zhivago has a strong sense of his destiny. The massed characters and episodes help to give the book panoramic scope. And the torrents of talk on art, religion, and life usually flow with incisive force, in what one critic calls Western Europe's "great tradition of full statement"—a tradition that has nearly disappeared in the West's contemporary fragmented, endlessly detailed and programmed writing.

What raises *Zhivago* above technically better-made novels is that it is charged with moral passion. On the very first page, Pasternak evokes an old Russian ballad that sets the tone of the novel and suggests the elaborate symbolic substructure he has given his book. The ballad, dating from the period when being buried alive was a commonly felt terror, contains the line "Who are they burying? The living! Not him, but her." Thus in the second paragraph of *Doctor Zhivago*, a funeral procession is described: "Some joined in out of curiosity and asked: 'Who is being buried?—Zhivago,' they were told.—'Oh, I see. That's what it is.'—'It isn't him. It's his wife.'—'Well, it comes to the same thing.'" Zhivago is a name Pasternak has used to evoke the Russian words for life and vitality. His meaning may well be that, for too long, it has been Russia's fate to bury the living.

In this scene it is actually the boy Yurii Andreievich Zhivago's mother who is being buried. His millionaire father has committed suicide, and Yurii is being brought up as a ward of the well-to-do Gromeko family in a gracious world of chamber-music concerts, fancy-dress balls and lofty ideals. His teen-age partner, prim and proper Antonina (Tonia) Gromeko, is destined to be his bride.

In the meantime, the girl who is to become the great love of Yurii Zhivago's life, Larisa (Lara) Feodorovna Guishar, is being schooled in a very different way. In her mid-teens, she is seduced by a middle-aged lawyer lecher named Komarovsky. The characters are easily seen as symbols. Komarovsky plainly stands for the corruption of the old Czarist regime, while Lara may be Mary Magdalene or Russia herself. And what of Yurii Zhivago? He too stands for Russia. He also stands for martyrdom (Critic Edmund Wilson notes that Yurii means George and perhaps suggests St. George, martyred under Diocletian). Above all, Zhivago is Christlike in his suffering and in his promise of life; his story is a modern passion.

Life as Sacrifice. Zhivago's Uncle Kolia, a kind of fellow traveler of Christianity, enunciates one of the book's major

Russia in Flames. When the Revolution breaks out, almost everyone Dr. Zhivago knows is enraptured by the profoundly Russian messianic dream: "There arose before the eyes of the world the vast figure of Russia bursting into flames like a light of redemption for all the sorrows and misfortunes of mankind." But Zhivago soon sickens of "the savagery of daily, hourly, legalized, rewarded slaughter." Moscow is like a looted city, its empty windowpanes stare blindly at Zhivago; it is another one of the living whom the Revolution has buried. Typhus and near-starvation force the doctor to pack himself and family off to the Urals—but the old life is still so near that they go into exile with a nursemaid for the children. This train journey is one of the book's great set pieces, with matchless descriptions of sky, snow and forest, and



PASTERNAK'S HOUSE AT PEREDELKINO
From there he was bound to dominate the ceremonies in Stockholm.

themes: "What you don't understand is that . . . history as we know it now began with Christ, and that Christ's Gospel is its foundation. Now what is history? It is the centuries of systematic explorations of the riddle of death, with a view to overcoming death. That's why people discover mathematical infinity and electromagnetic waves, that's why they write symphonies . . . The two basic ideals of modern man—without them he is unthinkable—are [are] the idea of free personality and the idea of life as sacrifice."

Sacrifice begins for Zhivago when World War I wrenches him from his wife Tonia and his infant son. He is wounded, and cared for by Lara, who has become a nurse, while her husband has seemingly perished at the front. Their grand love affair begins, but Pasternak treats it with a circumspection that Russians have dubbed the "Turgenev approach" after the Russian Victorian novelist. Though they spend years intermittently living together in adultery, Yurii and Lara never even kiss in the pages of *Doctor Zhivago*.

a haunting image of all Russia, restless, uprooted and on the move.

During the journey, Zhivago meets Lara's husband Antipov, now called Strelnikov, "The Shooter." His task is to destroy recalcitrant peasant villages for the Bolsheviks in the civil war that has broken out between the Whites and Reds. Emphasizing yet again Zhivago's inner quest for the truth of his own being, Pasternak settles the doctor in a town that is his symbolic namesake, Yuriatin. Inevitably, Lara is there; and despite his remorse, Yurii is once more unfaithful to his wife. On a horseback ride back from Lara's, Physician Zhivago is kidnaped by a band of Red partisans, and for the next couple of years he is their captive medic in the White-Red struggle in Siberia.

Few, other than Pasternak's Communist critics, have noted his unfeigned and unwavering sympathies for the educated middle class in which he was reared. In this section, Pasternak takes pains to make his protagonist's loyalties unmistakable. The partisan commander is a

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cocaine-sniffing hophead whom Dr. Zhivago loathes, as much for his boring platitudes as for his cruelty. By contrast, when a band of teen-age White soldiers storms the Red positions, the doctor admires their gallantry. He feels that he must shoot in self-defense, but he cannot bring himself to aim at the boys who "were probably akin to him in spirit, in education, in moral values." And so, in a perfect illustration of Zhivago's essential refusal to do harm, he aims his fire at a dead tree.

While his family is forced to escape to western Europe, Zhivago escapes from the partisans for one last reunion with Lara. It is a weird, snowbound, dreamlike idyll on the edge of disaster, rapturous with love but also with an almost Chekhovian paralysis of the will. Eventually Lara is swept away to temporary safety by her old traducer, Komarovsky.

During the brief remainder of his life, Zhivago goes to seed.

As an ironic token of the complete reversal of the social hourglass, he lives with the daughter of his former porter. He is mocked and ridiculed. A kind of Suffering Servant, he does odd chores for his neighbors. One morning, in a Moscow trolley, he feels suffocated, tugs vainly at the window for a breath of air and dies short minutes later of a heart attack—buried alive, as the first-page parable foretold, for lack of the vital air of freedom.

Weather of the Heart. An oldtime literary colleague of Pasternak's and a party-liner, who has managed to survive Moscow's murderous political traffic by carefully watching the Kremlin lights, ventured (before the Nobel Prize fiasco) to praise *Doctor Zhivago*. Said Ilya (*The Thaw*) Ehrenburg: "The description of those days is excellent. Pasternak and I belong to the same generation, so I can pass judgment on this." But the editors of the Moscow magazine *Novy Mir*, to whom Pasternak submitted the manuscript in 1956, stated the Communist case against the novel. Apart from Pasternak's sympathy for bourgeois characters, they cited 1) his failure to distinguish between the several wings of the revolutionary movement and even between the February (Democratic) and the October (Bolshevik) revolutions; 2) the unheroic desire of his characters to stay alive. From the editors' point of view, both criticisms were just.

All factions, friend and foe, are confused by Pasternak with a profound pity, and their death is mourned. In one of the more fascinating passages, he introduces a village witch in Siberia who, even in the dawn of scientific socialism, clings to her visions. She prophesies: "Take your red banner. You think it's a flag, isn't that what you think? Well, it isn't a flag. It's the purple kerchief of the death woman."

Apart from its moral fervor and the grand themes of life and death, *Doctor Zhivago* is not intimately linked to any of the Russian masterpieces of the past. Pasternak's Yuri and Lara, Antipov and Tonia are simply not the solid and memorable characters that Tolstoy's Pierre and Natasha are, or Dostoevsky's Kara-



© Fred Stein

PASTERNAK & EHRENBURG (1935)
Howls from the Animal Farm.

mazovs. But Pasternak is not interested in character dissection. After the manner of Pushkin and Turgenev, he prefers to use the imagery of nature and inanimate objects to create a kind of poetic accompaniment to his characters' states of feeling. In Pasternak, at the heart of the weather, one always finds the weather of the heart.

As a result, the reader knows all about the moods of his characters but little about their motivations. This compounds the sense of will-less ness that pervades the book and gives Dr. Zhivago the air of a hapless victim. But there is something about Zhivago's very weakness that gives him strength. Perhaps, suggests an expert on Russian literature, Harvard Professor Renato Poggio, this is Pasternak's way of saying that in a totalitarian society the "weakest victim may be also its most elusive enemy; and that victim and enemy is the single person, the individual soul."

Dr. Zhivago is a Hamlet and a passive Hamlet at that. What then, of Zhivago's destiny? Pasternak, himself a renowned translator of *Hamlet*, gives the clue in an answer that reveals more about Pasternak than it does about Hamlet: "Chance has allotted Hamlet the role of judge of his own time and servant of the future. *Hamlet* is the drama of a high destiny, of a life devoted and preordained to a heroic task." This is the key to *Doctor Zhivago*. As the judge of his own time, Pasternak declares the Revolution and its aftermath of suffering a tyrannous failure. As the servant of the future, he demands nothing less than freedom.

Sweet & Dreadful. Like Yury Zhivago, Boris Pasternak was raised in a gracious, leisurely, art-saturated world. Of Jewish descent, he was born in 1890 in a red



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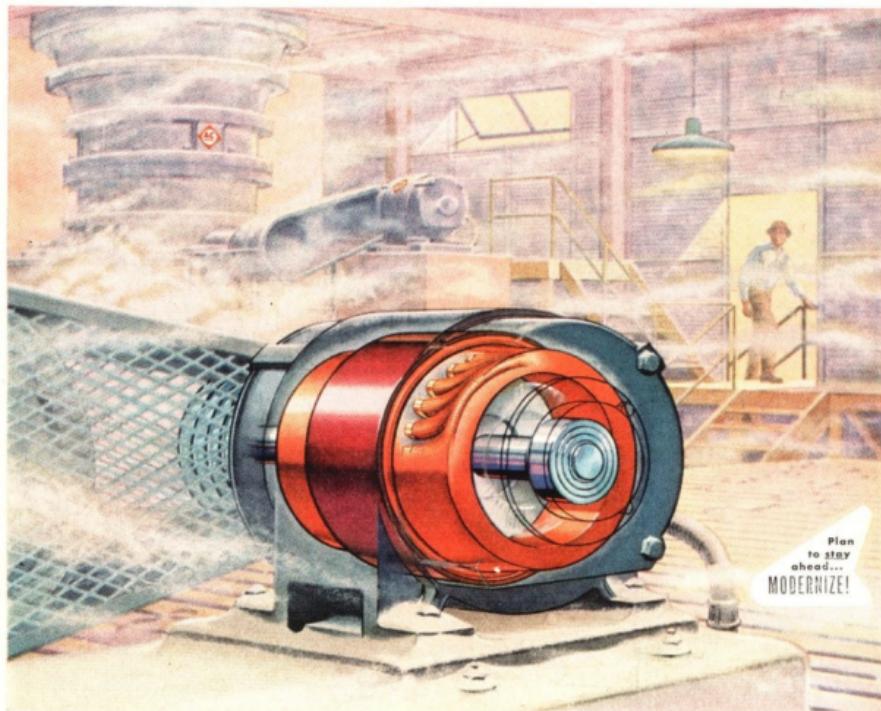
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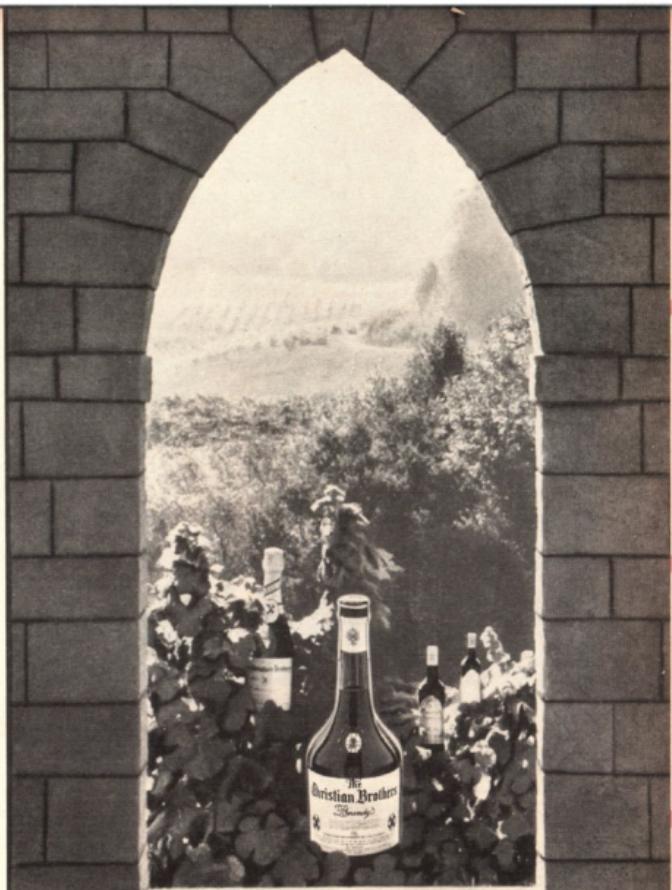
brick house on Moscow's fashionable Arsenal Street. "Borya" Pasternak was the eldest of four children (one brother, Alexander, now a Moscow architect, and two sisters, Lydia and Josephine, émigrés in England since the mid-thirties). Papa Leonid Pasternak was a celebrated, goated painter, who did portraits of the great and gifted, among them, Chaliapin, Rilke, Rachmaninoff, Lenin. Though she later renounced her career, Mamma Roza Kaufmann Pasternak was a concert pianist—"Mozart in skirts"—who had toured the Russian concert halls from the age of eight. Sensitive, high-strung (Pasternak claims to have contemplated suicide in his sixth, seventh, and eighth years), little Boris woke up crying one night, with "a sweet and dreadful pain" to the echoes of music. Blotting his tears, Mamma Pasternak trotted the blinky-eyed youngster out to meet the guests, among them an old man who has since "accompanied me throughout my whole life." It was Tolstoy.

In 1903 Papa Pasternak rented a *dacha* outside Moscow, next to the home of the composer Scriabin. The day the Pasternaks moved, the future poet fled the bustle and ran into the surrounding woods. He recalls in an autobiographical sketch: "Oh Lord! That forest was full of everything that morning! The sun was piercing it in all directions . . . And like the light and shadows shimmering in the forest, like the singing birds flitting from branch to branch, sections of Scriabin's *Third Symphony or Divine Poem*, which was being composed at the piano in the neighboring house, spread and echoed under the foliage." The adolescent Pasternak decided that he was "destined for music." But crestfallen that he lacked absolute pitch and that he could not even properly play what he had composed, Pasternak abandoned music after six years of study. He retains one of Scriabin's mystic ideas: that art, religion and life are one, an eternal and infrangible entity.

Once, during the abortive 1905 revolution, almost as a prank, young Boris rushed out to display "my tuppenny-ha'penny revolutionism which went no further than bravado in the face of a Cossack whip and its blow on the back of a padded coat." He studied law briefly at Moscow, then enrolled as a philosophy major in Germany's University of Marburg under a pudgy intellectual martinet, Professor Hermann Cohen, a disciple of Hegel and Kant. In the Gothic-fairy-tale mountain town of Marburg, with its steeply sloping streets and medieval gables, his first serious love came to 18-year-old Boris Pasternak. When the girl turned down his offer of marriage, "[I found] my face was twitching and my eyes constantly filled with tears."

After traveling in Italy, Pasternak returned to Moscow without his philosophy degree and began whooping it up as a bohemian versifier. Pasternak, with his liquid, steel-grey eyes, sensuous lips and proud and pensive look, became famed as a ladies' man. He looked, recalls one acquaintance, "like an Arabian stallion."

In poetry he vaulted over the neat,



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Pushkin Club

BORIS (LEFT), SISTERS & BROTHER PAINTED BY FATHER IN 1914
Unwavering sympathies for the educated middle class.

syntactical fences and conventional forms of the past. He, Vladimir Mayakovsky and Sergei Esenin became Russia's three musketeers of modernity. Mayakovsky's poetry was like a shot in the streets. He became the Bolshevik poet laureate; but Big Brother's embrace was crushing, and in the end he killed himself. In his book *Safe Conduct*, Pasternak conjures up "our State" as the "stone guest" at the funeral. Esenin (who was married for a time to Dancer Isadora Duncan) was an untutored rustic songbird, who pined away in the Soviet cage and also died by his own hand.

Themes & Variations. In the four slim volumes that Boris Pasternak published between 1914 and 1923 (two chief ones: *My Sister Life*, *Themes and Variations*), he developed a telegraphic style, sound effects that are almost totally lost in translation and a unique imagery that made the strange familiar and the familiar strange. Pasternak's *Definition of Poetry* is actually easier to understand than most of his poems:

*It is a steeply rising whistle.
It is the cracking of squeezed icicles.
It is frozen leaves through the night.
It is two nightingales singing a duet.
It is the stifled sweet-pea plant.
It is the tears of the world on a shoulder.*

Poet Pasternak stressed imagery because he believed that "only the image can keep pace with the successes of nature." A frosty night is "like a blind puppy lapping its milk." The Caucasus is like "crumpled bedding." The dark night of the soul is "blacker than monks, more stifling than clergy." The evening is empty "like an interrupted story." What Pasternak has tried to do in his poetry is not to recollect emotion in tranquillity, but to arrest emotion like a motion picture stopped with all the characters in mid-action.

Intriguingly enough, Pasternak had no trouble writing spirited revolutionary poetry when the period dealt with by the poem (1905, 1917) was one in which he could regard the Revolution as a kind of unspoiled force of nature. Sample stanza:

*We're few, perhaps not more than three,
Flaming, infernal, from the Don,
Beneath a sky racing and gray
Of rain, clouds, soldiers bent upon
Soviets, verses and long talk
Of transport and the artist's work.*

From the years before 1925 date four of Pasternak's five short stories. Another story, *The Last Summer*, written in 1934, is an autobiographical reverie evoking the summer of 1914, "that last summer when life still appeared to pay heed to individu-

als, and when it was easier and more natural to love than to hate." Of the earlier tales, only *The Childhood of Lovers*, a sensitively wrought, Proustian account of a girl at puberty accepting her womanhood, is memorable.

"*Sixty-Six! Sixty-Six!*" Pasternak escaped service in World War I because of an old leg injury, but worked in a chemical factory in the Urals. While the '20s brought him success, the late '30s imposed silence. During the Stalinist purges, Pasternak turned to translating Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley—the only work of his by which he is known to a wide Russian public. Save for two wartime books of poetry, no volume of Pasternak's has been published in Russia for a quarter-century, although handwritten copies are privately circulated.

As late as the winter of '41-'42, Pasternak slept on a shakedown bed under the stairway of an unheated Moscow tenement house. There he received anonymous gifts of food, rather like a Hindu holy man before whose hovel little dishes are placed by unseen hands. During the Terror of '36-'37, he lost his "living space" and food-ration privileges. When Red Army Marshal Tukhachevsky et al. were executed, Pasternak was asked to sign a resolution of approval, and refused: "My wife was pregnant. She cried and begged me to sign, but I couldn't . . . I abhorred all this blood . . . It was I who was later, my colleagues who saved me indirectly. No one dared to report to the hierarchy that I hadn't signed."

"*Spasibo Dorogiye.*" The tactic of passivity and silence gradually made him a hero with Russian intellectuals and made his rare public appearances S.R.O. affairs. At one such reading, in 1947, a sheet of his manuscript slipped to the floor, and before he could stoop to retrieve it the audience chanted the next stanza of his poem by heart. Eyes brimming with tears, Pasternak choked out "*Spasibo Dorogiye*" (Thank you, dear ones). At another reading, his listeners yelled "Sixty-six! Sixty-six!", meaning the sixty-sixth sonnet of Shakespeare. The telltale line: "Art made tongue-tied by authority."

Over the years, Pasternak has written countless poems "for the drawer" in hope of future publication, though he periodically weeds and destroys some of his backlog. Occasionally absent-minded in conversation (he sometimes lapses into a preoccupied refrain of "da, da, da, da, da"), Pasternak is methodical in his writing habits. He first puts a watch on his desk, draws a pencil from the box he keeps there, and writes in longhand, reusing every sheet of paper (once on each side for separate works): "It's not only economical, but it's more cozy. The paper is not so fresh. It belongs to me, you might say."

Pasternak, the father of three grown sons, is married to Zinaida Nikolaevna Neuhaus, a plump, inconspicuous half-Albanian woman (she is his second wife; little is known of his first, Eugenia, whom he divorced in 1931). At Peredelkino, Boris Pasternak guards one of the few

OUT TODAY in the NEW

Rembrandt's Christmas

In ten color pages, LIFE this week presents a pre-Christmas portfolio of Rembrandt paintings and drawings that tells the story of the birth of Christ. In his tender, sensitive treatment of the Nativity you'll see a reflection of the artist's deep personal faith.



All about the moon

Recent U.S. efforts to launch a moon rocket have stimulated a new interest in Earth's satellite. LIFE gives you, in photographs and drawings, a close-up view of the moon, explores the myths about it, and shows pictures of last Saturday's launching.



Battle report

As holiday shopping peaks up, LIFE presents a special six-page report this week from the retailing battlefield. You'll see examples of the unusual promotional devices key retailers are using in an effort to attract business back to the department store.



Dog's life

City dogs are safer, happier and healthier than dogs raised in the country, Nathaniel Benchley declares in LIFE. In an article filled with smiles and barks, Benchley recalls the many pleasures and pains a city dog (and his master) can look forward to sharing.



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outposts of the "Other Russia" that exist in the U.S.S.R. On Sunday, over groaning helpings of *zakuski* (Russian hors d'oeuvres) and repeated toasts, Pasternak holds open house for bright young artists and intellectuals—or did until the Nobel Prize fracas. French, German or English may be spoken (Pasternak is fluent in all three). Pasternak asserts his aloofness from the Marxist world around him with quiet and kindly dignity. Once, in a conversation with a Swedish professor, he started to make some critical comment about Communism, then suddenly interrupted himself. "Possibly you are a Communist," he solicitously asked his caller. "Am I hurting your feelings?"

In no sense is Boris Pasternak a popular hero in Russia, or a practical rallying point of resistance. The West certainly has no grounds for claiming him as a political ally, and at best will have to live up to him as a moral one. Yet *Zhivago* has become one of those portents of freedom whose ends are incalculable. Among Moscow students a couplet goes:

*The signs may change in the Zodiac,
But Pasternak remains Pasternak.*

Disengagement, the *Élan to Good*. For literature, Pasternak's appearance on the world scene may mark the end of an era. For three decades far too many writers have tilted at every political windmill and ambulance-chased every passing cause. This was what Sartre called "engagement." Pasternak calls for disengagement. By that he does not mean detachment from the world, but attachment to human values. It is not the function of the writer, says Pasternak, to serve principalities and powers, Communism or capitalism. The task of men of letters, as he sees it, is to heed the "living voice of life," to bear witness to the good, the true and the beautiful. By example, Pasternak calls on writers to return to the universal themes of life and death, man and God, good and evil, and the joys, sorrows and splendors of love.

For mankind, Pasternak is a symbol of the "*élan to good*" which he believes is the spirit of the coming age, even in Soviet Russia. As Dr. Zhivago puts it, "I believe that man is only drawn to goodness through good." In *Doctor Zhivago* Boris Pasternak has fulfilled his personal definition of the highest purpose of art: to create "an image of man [that] is greater than man," thus leading him to nobler realms of being. He also reminds men that Christ and the Christ-in-everyman is the last best hope of earth. In a perplexed, ravaged and despairing age, Pasternak's undiminished confidence in the future of humanity is perhaps his greatest gift of all:

*O do not trouble then, and do not grieve!
Despite my helpless state, I swear, I'll stay
With you that day. The strong in hope endure,
Through all the plagues that bring them low in life.*



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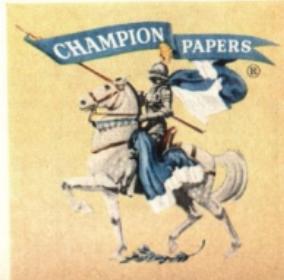
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

From Hollywood

The Last Hurrah. The Good Government League should be outraged by this Crook's Tour of old-style machine politics, as conducted by Spencer Tracy in the guise of lovable, larcenous Frank Sheffington.

Dam Yankees. A hot time in the old home town tonight, as a couple of devil's advocates, Ray Walston and Dancer Gwen Verdon, get involved with the Washington Senators.

Me and the Colonel. Consistently funny and often touching is this lesson in craftsmanship taught by a meek, ingenious Polish refugee (Danny Kaye). His unwilling pupil: a blustering, medieval-minded Polish officer (Curt Jurgens).

From Abroad

The Horse's Mouth (British). Alec Guinness is hilarious as a mildewed Michelangelo. But the cinemadaptation of Joyce Cary's magnificent novel of rant does not come straight from, seems rather to whicker out of the side of, the horse's mouth.

Inspector Maigret (French). Jean Gabin fits Georges Simenon's famous flatfoot like an old shoe, and Director Jean Delannoy has not spared the polish.

My Uncle (French). Jacques Tati (*Mr. Hulot's Holiday*), who is probably the cinema's most gifted present practitioner of the sight gag, has produced a satire on the mechanization of modern living that is always pretty witty, although in movie-making terms it is sometimes tatty Tati.

TELEVISION

Wed., Dec. 10

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Neither fact nor fiction, but a compromise of drama and documentary about an incident (TIME, Dec. 9, 1957) at the Glenwood (Iowa) State School for the mentally retarded. The drama turns around the shocking discovery that an inmate is at least as bright and emotionally steady as a TV producer.

Thurs., Dec. 11

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). A play about Chicago's St. Valentine's Day Massacre of 1929, during which Al Capone's men drew a murderous bead on Bugs Moran and succeeded only in killing seven other guys.

The Ford Show (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). An experiment in *avant-garde* orchestration, with the razorback rhythms of Tennessee Ernie as counterpoint to the Elgaresque swells of Charles Laughton.

Fri., Dec. 12

Invitational Bowling (NBC, 10 p.m., *ad infinitum*). The finals of the world series of bowling, broadcast live from the Chicago Coliseum.

Sat., Dec. 13

Young People's Concerts (CBS, 12-1 p.m.). Conductor Leonard Bernstein, undisputed champion of the music-appreciation game, leads the New York Philharmonic through snatches of Mozart, Beethoven, Sibelius, Gershwin, explaining

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all the while the musical chromosomes at work when a symphony is in the fetal stage.

Sun., Dec. 14

Johns Hopkins File (ABC, 11:30-12 a.m.). A relaxed look at the origins of such yuletide customs as the carol, the tree, the card, backed up by the 60-voice Johns Hopkins Glee Club.

Conquest (CBS, 5-6 p.m.) Eric Sevareid narrates a documentary on nature exploding big and exploding small: volcanoes on the one hand, cancer on the other.

Amahl and the Night Visitors (NBC, 5-6 p.m.), Gian Carlo Menotti's opera about the lame shepherd boy who pledges his crutch to the infant Jesus has been a yearly joy since 1951 and may well be one in 2051; with Kirk Jordan as Amahl, Rosemary Kuhlman as his mother.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). The Hungarian revolt can still chill the most frost-resistant marrow. Most of the film used in this program has never been shown before.

Jack Benny (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). The old boy on his merry way, giving his usual lesson in the art of comedy.

The Steve Allen Show (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Guest (on film) Ingrid Bergman is all sweetness and Guest Jonathan Winters one of the weirdest, wittiest lights shining; Allen himself splits the difference. Color.

Keep Talking (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). Everybody runs the four-minute mile in the speediest, funniest TV parlor game of them all; with Joey Bishop, Paul Winchell, Pat Carroll v. Morey Amsterdam, Danny Dayton, Nine Foch.

Mon., Dec. 15

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). "Salute to Tchaikovsky." The selections are crumb-sized but tasty.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Pleasure of His Company. Cyril Ritchard as a playboy who never grew up, in an exceedingly well-furnished drawing-room comedy. Among the more appealing furniture: Cornelius Otis Skinner.

A Touch of the Poet. Eugene O'Neill is as long-winded as ever, but it's a powerful wind that blows a lot of good in this tale of a boozing innkeeper and his crumbling illusions. With Eric Portman, Helen Hayes, Kim Stanley.

The Music Man. Santa Claus himself could not wish for more boomerang jollity.

My Fair Lady. Still the fairest of them all.

Two for the Seesaw. Romantic ping-pong between two emotional D.P.s in Manhattan, with a final score of love-nothing.

On Tour

My Fair Lady in CHICAGO, **Music Man** in SAN FRANCISCO, **Two for the Seesaw** in ST. LOUIS are reasonable facsimiles of the Broadway originals (*see above*).

Look Back in Anger. An uneven but fairly arresting comedy of ill manners. In BOSTON.

Auntie Mame. Too late for Halloween and too early for New Year's Eve, but the Madwoman of Beekman Place raises hell anyway. Constance Bennett in CHICAGO, Eve Arden in SAN FRANCISCO and Sylvia Sidney in HUNTINGTON, W. Va.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel, by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated by Kimon Friar. Only a very bold poet would have dared to pick up where Homer left off. Greece's late Nikos Kazantzakis did it in a vast, soaring poem in which high adventure, brutality and erotic appetites are finally subordinated to a search for self-knowledge and God.

The Visitors, by Mary McMinnies. Funny things happen to the diplomatic set in this not-too-fictional Iron Curtain country, with full value wrung out of every absurdity that Western folly and a heavy-handed dictatorship can help to generate.

The Prospects Are Pleasing, by Honor Tracy. Ireland and Irish eccentricities are taken for a bumpy ride in a novel that clearly kids just about every posture peculiar to the country that James Joyce called "Errorland."

Henry Adams: The Middle Years, by Ernest Samuels. Boston's testy Brahmin found life pretty pleasant in those charmed years when his Eve—Marian ("Clover") Hooper—was in charge of the education of Henry Adams.

Breakfast at Tiffany's, by Truman Capote. Hardly anyone could resist the ribald appeal of Holly Golightly, one of fiction's most endearing bad little good girls.

Memoirs of Field-Marshal Montgomery. In this big, incisive, good-humored account, Monty is sometimes not much nicer to his friends and allies than he was to his wartime enemies.

Doctor Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak. Russia's greatest living poet won the Nobel prize with this big novel that is both a hymn to life and an indictment of the Russian Revolution. Not considered Best Reading in his homeland (see Books).

Lolita, by Vladimir Nabokov. A comedy of horrors and a nightmare of the mind dressed up in brilliant writing.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Doctor Zhivago**, Pasternak (1)
2. **Lolita**, Nabokov (2)
3. **Around the World with Auntie Mame**, Dennis (5)
4. **Women and Thomas Harrow**, Marquand (3)
5. **Exodus**, Uris (8)
6. **The Ugly American**, Lederer and Burdick (4)
7. **Anatomy of Murder**, Traver (6)
8. **Angélique**, Golon (7)
9. **Victorine**, Keyes (9)
10. **The Best of Everything**, Jaffe

NONFICTION

1. **Only in America**, Golden (1)
2. **Aku-Aku**, Heyerdahl (2)
3. **The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Montgomery** (3)
4. **Baa Baa Black Sheep**, Boyington (5)
5. **The New Testament in Modern English**, translated by Phillips (6)
6. **The Three Edwards**, Costain
7. **Wedemeyer Reports!**
8. **On My Own**, Roosevelt
9. **Chicago: A Pictorial History**, Kogan and Wendt (9)
10. **The Great Chicago Fire**, Cromie

(Numbers in parentheses indicate last week's position.)

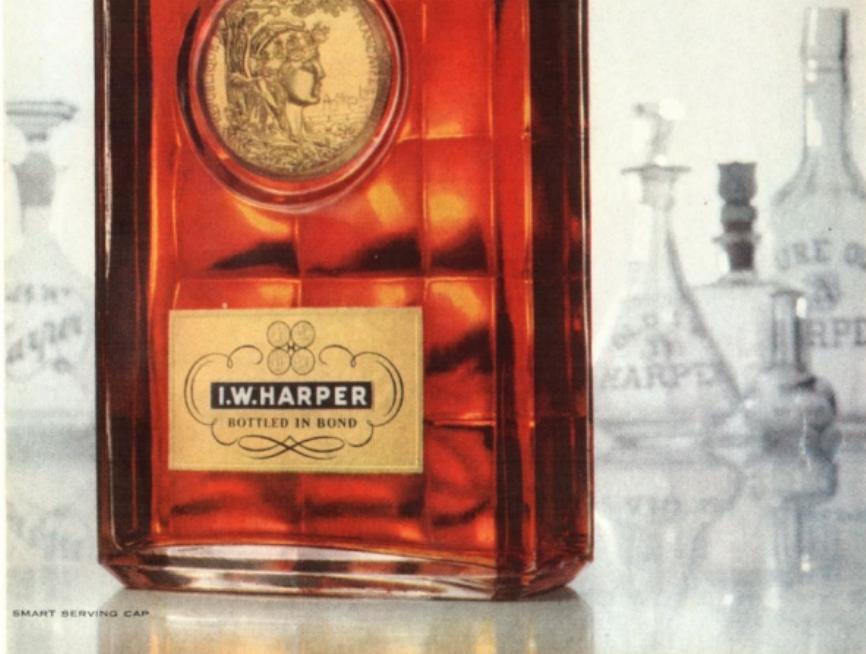


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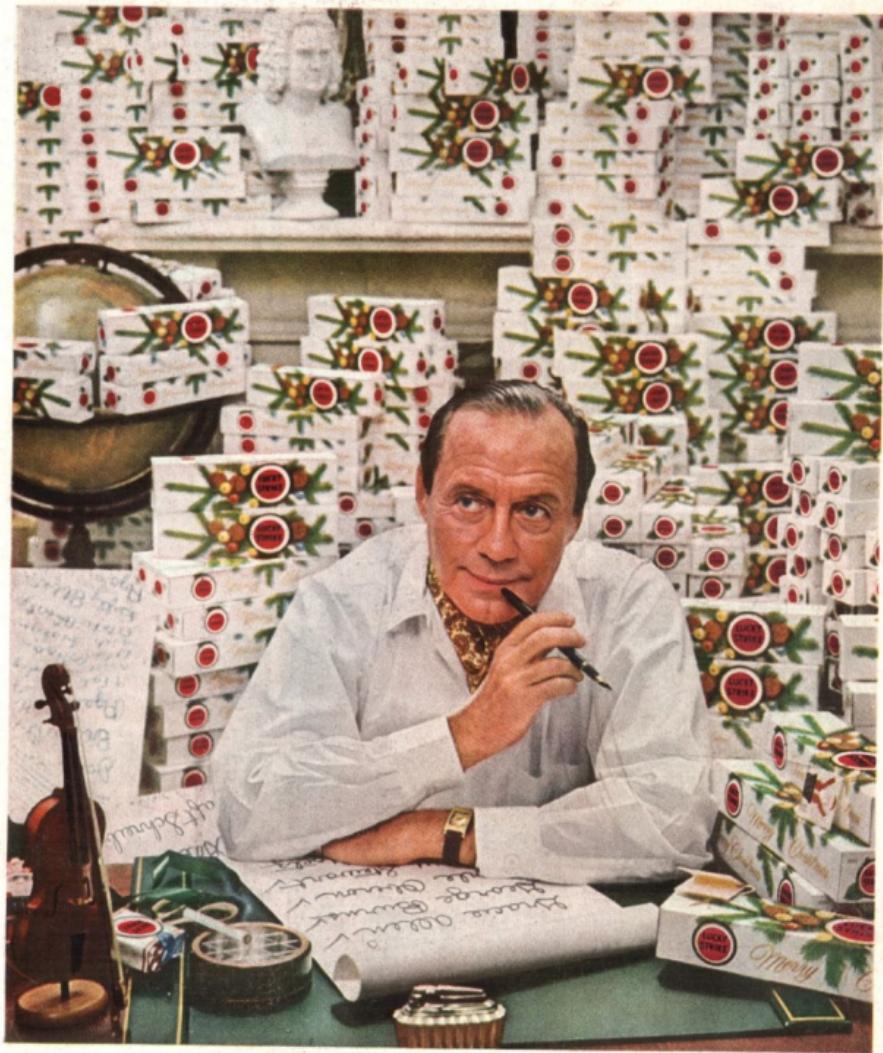


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